

Mevlânâ
Celâleddîn
Rumî

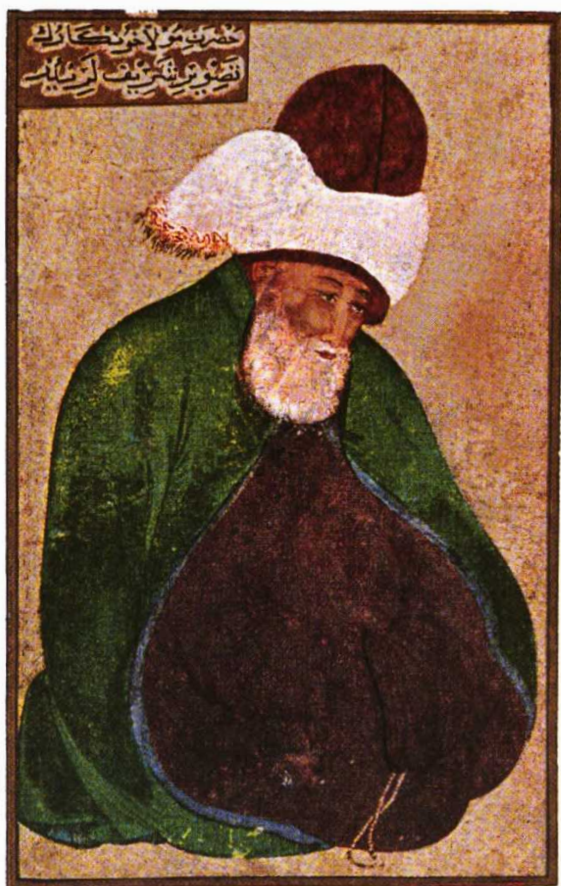
Dîvân-i Kebir
Meter 8a

translated by
Nevit O. Ergin

Dîvân-i Kebîr

Bahr-i Remil

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Mevlânâ Celâleddîn Rumi



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Echo Publications
Los Angeles, California USA

Dîvân-i Kebîr

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Nevit Oguz Ergin

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in their efforts to bring Mevlana Celâleddîn Rumi
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Introduction

Nevit Ergin has done a great act of service by bringing *The Shams* (Rumi's *Divani Shamsi Tabris*) over into English in its entirety for the first time.

Dr. Ergin's mission was suggested to him by his teacher in the 1950's. Hasan Sushud told him that the most powerful text on the way of spiritual annihilation was Rumi's *Divan*. Ergin has been absorbed in studying that work for over forty years. It has involved a lot of remembering, contrition, austerity, and fasting.

When I sit with Nevit Ergin, I feel the depth of the silence and the vast emptiness this spiritual practice has brought him into. He is a beautiful man. His mother tongue is Turkish. In translating the *Divan* he has worked from Golpinarli's Turkish translation. But despite this secondhand relaying process (from Rumi's Persian to Golpinarli's Turkish to Ergin's English), the attunement to Mevlana is strongly felt. I have nothing but profound respect for the devotion that brought these volumes he calls "meters" (from their being grouped into poems all of the same rhyme and rhythm scheme) into being.

Coleman Barks

Acknowledgements

For many, many years, Terry Peart has been editing and typing my manuscripts, and for this my sincere thanks. My gratitude also goes to the Minister of Culture of the Republic of Turkey, Mr. Isterihan Talay, and his deputy, Professor Dr. Osman Tekin Aybas, for their continued support. I would like to extend my gratitude to Coleman Barks for his kind introduction. And finally, special thanks to all those too numerous to mention who have played a part in this monumental project.

Translator's Note

Because of its length, the meter *Bahr-i Remil* has been published in two volumes as 8a and 8b. The rhyme scheme for these two volumes is *fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun, fâilâtun*.

Mevlana expressed many of the poems in this meter at various special occasions and gatherings. Consequently, a search through its pages uncovers several important facts about Shems of Tebriz.

Golpinarli noticed in *gazel* (poem) 52 the mention by Mevlana of an old man:

I saw an old man whose eyes were red.
His hair and beard were white like milk.

I saw a gazelle immediately run toward him.
Skies split, it was such a trick.
The bowl of the sun and moon were broken
Because of the rising uproar.

I asked the auspicious Soul,
"What is happening?"
He answered, "I don't know, I am not my self.
All this must be
At that mischievous old man's instigation."

And Mevlana completes the *gazel* by addressing the old man:

"O Shems of Tebriz,
You know the situation of drunks.
O my Master, if I made a mistake, forgive me.
I have no heart, no hand."

In gazel 223, found in Meter 8b, Mevlana also refers repeatedly to Shems of Tebriz as an old man.

Apart from the references by Mevlana in Meters 8a & b of *Dîvân-i Kebîr*, there are a series of dates to confirm that Shems was indeed very old when he met Mevlana. Shems mentions in his *Makaalat* a person named Shihabeddin Suhraverdi-i Maktul, who died in 1131. He talks about him as though they had at one time met. Shems also mentions in his *Makaalat* that he saw and spent time with Fahr-i Razî, who died in 1210. Shems met Evhadaddin Kirmani of Baghdad, who died in 1237. And finally, Shems shared discussions with Ibn-i Arabi, who died in 1241.

In conjunction with the references in the poems, these dates indicate that when he met Mevlana, Shems was well over seventy.

Nevit O. Ergin
Translator

Dîvân-i Kebîr
Meter 8a
Bahr-i Remil

Şâilâtun, Şâilâtun, Şâilâtun, Şâilât

archegos

1.

Verse 1

Page 188 of original Divan

Give us that grape juice,
That grape wine. We'll drink.
Give the morning wine quickly
To the drunk who is falling asleep.

Throw dry and wet to the water, one by one.
Try to see the difference, throw the wood,
And the aloe wood on the fire.

Give a lute¹ of the water from Ab-i Hayat²
To the barren thorn field.
Make the thorn, which is worn out by grief,
Laugh like a rose.

Make the nightingales drunk.
Put the musicians in ecstasy to such an extent
That they will hunt lions with their song.
They arrange the melody of David.

Drink that old wine which relieved trouble
With the clean pure friend.
At the same time, eat smokeless Poluze³ with Sufis.

Give the wine that scatters troubles like smoke,
To the people whose hearts are nice and clean.
Eat the cold jelly with Sufis.⁴

Don't give wine.

Offer us the substance that ferments wine,
Brings every present one to the land of existence.

Offer the wine that makes
Mountains dance like a crazy camel.
Offer the wine that gives brightness
Even to the expelled heart.

Every morning is Bairam⁵ for us because of You;
Especially this morning.
You are offering the wine which You have promised.

You offer it in such a way
That we give up our being.
We pass through our existence
So that everyone who has wishes,
Finds his wish in Absence.

He would turn into Eyaz,⁶
The one who has seen the moon, the sun,
And finds Mahmud⁷ in his existence.

O Shems of Tebriz,
Show the East in the well of West,
Like pulling a sword from its shield.



2.

Verse 13

Your love doesn't pay much attention
To the throned Sultan.
But when he sees a needy one,
He pleases his heart.

Love weaves, with the blood of his heart,
Satin and silk covers to be put
In front of the Beloved's feet.

How can you find the worries
Of both worlds in the heart of the lover?
Does Emir Hac⁸ have any worth
In front of the natives of Mecca?

Love is a ladder to climb
To the roof of beauty's Sultan.
You come and read the story of Mirac⁹
On the face of the lover.

The lover lives on the gallows,
Like fruit grows and matures on the tree.
That's why you see hundreds of Hallaces on the gallows.

If the knowledge of Hal¹⁰
Is superior to the knowledge of Kha,¹¹
Why should the scholars of Buhara
Be servant and slave to the weaver master?¹²

You have a bushy beard,
Don't try to pull the beard of Kose,
Who has no beard, in a fight.
You are Hindu.
Don't try to teach Turkish to Sultan Tamgou.¹³

The one who teaches chess
To someone who has a stammer
Walks like a chess queen.
His face is also dark
In the presence of the sultan.

O Heart, you become the master
At the table of soul's Bugra Kaan.¹⁴
How come you keep chewing crumbs
Of pastry at such a table?

The lover talks so confused
Because love loots the town of heart constantly.

Be silent. Enough!
Let love's nightingale start singing.
There is no place for the pillage bird's song
In front of the nightingale.



3.

Verse 24

I sent you news with a star last night.
"Give my greetings to the moon,"
I said to the star.

I prostrated myself and said,
"This is for the One whose face is like Sun.
His face is like the sky.
The One who turns rocks to gold
With His light and warmth.

I opened my chest and showed my wounds to Him.
"Tell that charmer who drinks blood;
Tell about me," I said.

I moved from one side to the other,
To calm the baby of my heart.
Just the way they rock the cradle
To put the baby to sleep.

O One who brings help
To hundreds of helpless ones, like me,
Give a little milk to the baby of heart,
So we will saved from wandering around.

How long are you going
To keep the heart in exile?
His place used to be at the city of Union.

I am silent.
But, O cupbearer of lovers,
Give wine to overcome the hangover,
Turn those faint narcissus-eyes toward lovers,
See them.



4.

Verse 31

There are rose gardens
Inside those bloody fences, for lovers.
There are other businesses for lovers
With the absolute beauty of love.

Mind says, "There are six dimensions
To the world of existence:
There is no road beyond these boundaries."
Yet, Love says, "Yes, there is.
I've been back and forth many times."

Mind sees only one bazaar
And starts shopping there.
But love has seen so many bazaars
Besides the bazaar of mind.

Oh, for the good old days.
How many Mansours have left the pulpit
And were raised at the gallows
Believing the Soul of Love?

Lovers who drink wine
Have pleasures in the inner world.
The minds whose heart is dark
Have denials in their inner world.

Mind is nothing but a step in Absence.
"There are only thorns there," mind says.
However, love says, "Thorns are not there,
But they are inside you."

Come to your senses.
Be silent.
Remove the thorns of existence from your feet.
Remove them so you can see the rose garden
Inside of you.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You are the sun under the cloud of words.
Once your sun rises,
Words are scattered, disappear.



5.

Verse 39

Come and see.
A kingdom became neighbor to our neighbor.
Abu-Ali¹⁵ and Abu-Ala¹⁶ have gone.
We have nothing to do with them.

The thing that soul looks for
Alone or among the crowd,
That thing is raised from the East of soul
With the strike of a sword like the Sun.

It appears like fire from a distance;
But when you come close you will see,
He is Glory.
Just like the fire is shown to Moses for testing.

Come, O ones whose souls are like moths,
Jump into the fire.
Since you asked for trouble,
Now get into trouble.

The person who has this love,
This yearning in his heart,
Makes the fire his home, like Semender.¹⁷



6.

Verse 44

All your friends are stone.
How come You are coral?
Sky is like a lifeless body to them.
How come it comes back to life with You?

Every particle of my body starts
Clapping its hands when You come.
But when You leave, they all start crying.
What's the reason for this?

Every part of my body smiles with Your image.
But they become like sharp teeth
To the one who becomes Your enemy.
What's the reason for this?

This mind doesn't read and write
Without your eyes, your face.
But once it sees the writing on your face,
He reads them all.
What's the reason for that?

Body keeps telling soul, "Give up His love."
Soul answers, "How can I stay away
From the source of life's fountain?"

Your face has the beauty of the Prophet,
The beauty of God.
After seeing such evidence,
How can soul not have faith in You?

Is there any better, brighter proof than Your face?
Even if that is the case,
How come disbelievers don't cut their hands
In front of such a one as Joseph of Canaan?

Whatever seed you sow will eventually grow.
But how come that seed of kindness and favor
Doesn't grow?

It is expected that treasure is hidden at the ruins.
Yet, why don't you search
For God's treasure in broken hearts?

I haven't seen a bazaar without scales,
In this world.
Yet earth is measured by some account.
But how come it doesn't have the scale for it?

As we say, these people,
Who are slaves of the donkey, carry dry dung.
But how come the cavalry hasn't come yet?
Why don't they show up and ride their horses?

O Heart, every song has a beginning and an end.
It is enough to come up to the end of time.
How come there is no end of this one?



7.

Verse 56

One who strolls around
The garden of heaven,
Read our decree, drink our wine, hear our trumpet.

If your houri saw our houri at dawn or dusk,
She would burn with her fire, fall in love with her,
Her face would become yellow, pale.

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That Moon, who darkens even the morning sun,
Suddenly came with the servant girls behind,
And settled down in our place.

Thousands of full moons have prostrated
In front of my full Moon.
Everything around us became nice and clean.
Our darkness was illuminated.

We become drunk from that full Moon.
Take good care of it.
It grants our wishes, makes our life easier, easier.



8.

Verse 61

There shouldn't be a cure for our sickness
Without You.
Death should come.
It wouldn't be life without You.

The heart of lovers wouldn't be illuminated
Without You.
The rose-sampling of our soul won't smile
Without You.

Listen, faith is saying loudly to your infidel hair,
Which is divided on both sides,
That, "It wouldn't be faith without You."

Mind is like a hidden sultan.
Sky is like his tent.
That sultan wouldn't have a crown,
A throne, a tent without You.

I have seen love,
He was a cupbearer for lovers.
But if You are not there,
Our soul won't see them.

You are like a breath of Jesus for dead souls.
If You are not here, I don't care for sovereignty,
For Egypt or Joseph of Canaan.

Today we are happy with the love of Shemseddin.
I made my face yellow like gold and said,
“We don’t want a gold mine without You.”



9.

Verse 68

Charmer, whose beauty is secret
Among the people,
O full moon that illuminates darkness,
You are God's sun,
Hidden among the early morning lights.

You became mature.
Your maturity has reached such a level that
The Almighty of the throne
Will hide your beauty even from Himself.

I wish I would drop dead one day in His shadow.
This kind of death would be
Unexpected glory for me.

There is such a salve in the dust of your path
That it opens the eyes of the blind.
There is pure, clear water
In the fountains of His greatness.

To walk around in that town
Is as difficult as it is to shed blood, take life.
It is as dangerous and frightening.

He is taking us to a house where the lighting
Is so great and so bright.
I don't care about craziness as long
As there is a right way for me there.

Felicitations to you, O eye.
You have reached the glory
Which enlightens everything with its light.
You don't care for the blind
Who are condemned not to see, eternally.

Tebriz is a Kaaba, or it is East for me.
Even brighter than the time I stand for namoz.

O cupbearer, fill the glass of existence,
Offer it to his love.
This illness has gone on long enough,
We need a break.

We are not afraid of the nights
That will turn our hair and beard gray in a second
And make us old; as long as we become young again
With the wine offered us.

I am sorry for the sober ones at his time.
I have pity for you.
What happiness this is for us.
O brother, keep drinking his wine.

The truth that will enlighten humans,
Make them happy,
Shines by itself, appears fully.

The one who turns his back from His greatness
Has such bad luck, he is in denial,
Falls into selfishness and will perish.

He stays away from the eternal fountain of justice.
At the time when he becomes thirsty,
He looks for water in doubt and misgiving.

The sea is filled with waves in Tebriz.
How nice a place is Tebriz?
Our soul would be sacrificed for that beautiful place.



10.

Verse 83

One who gives peace and comfort to our soul,
Your body will be healthy and sound.
Sickness will go from you, evil eyes will go from you,
O one who is our seeing eye.

O Moon, your health is the health of soul,
Of universe.
O one whose face is more beautiful than the Moon,
Your body will be healthy.

O one whose body resembles the soul,
Your body will be healthy,
The shadow of your kindness
Will always stay on our head.

Your face, that resembles a rose garden,
Will be eternally young and fresh.
Because that is the pasture of heart,
Our lawn and meadow, our valley.

Your sickness won't touch your body,
Will come to our soul.
And become a mind which adorns our soul.¹⁸



11.

Verse 88

My Soul started trembling
The first time it saw that beauty.
My heart split open.
O my soul, what has happened to you?

My soul drank the light of love's wine.
Freed itself from heaviness
And started flying in the sky of Love.

My soul kept flying in your love,
The eyes of the blind one would be opened
If he ever reached You.

I am in love with a full Moon
That has not been seen on both worlds.
My soul is in that unique love.

I have no desire for wealth or possessions in my soul.
I threw away everything for His love.

How wonderful for him that the ship of desires
Carries him when he travels on the sea of greatness.

I am incapable of counting
His benefactions and kindnesses,
Which have increased since I started to explain.
His sight touched my soul, killed it.

The one who helps his love become interested
In my soul, helps to carry its load.
My Soul has reached its wishes
After being totally destroyed.

O, what has happened to the head of my soul
Because of the love of that Great Beloved?
My praises have not been able to match His greatness.

Humans become desperate thinking of the union
Which they missed when reading the book of Absence
About the things which He has done before.

My Soul rejoiced when thinking of unions in the past.
But when it starts thinking of the future,
The past disappears from its eyes.

Our Master has such a wonderful favor.
When he blows, He gives new life to a person.
He arranges a person's affairs
With the offer of one glass of wine.

Love has been hidden in my heart
Like a big heavy pearl.
My soul became heavy because of that pearl;

Like a pregnant woman who goes through labor,
Suffers all those pains and contractions unselfishly,
Just like that.

But our great Master, whose kindness is so abundant,
Took me to a high place and there
Poured favors on my head like rain.

O the great, best, superior,
Most matured in every subject,
The Kaaba of everyone's hope, Shemseddin.

My soul has met him
When it was at the shadow of destruction.
He honored Him.
Since then he has not fallen down.

A shield came from Tebriz,
Which is woven with love.
My soul took his own shield off that morning
And wears that one.

"His greatness has chosen us," my soul said.
Then he became jealous about the words about him,
He became silent.



12.

Verse 107

The seal of gold will be put on our face.
We will be withered and pale without You.
There won't be a pearl
At the bottom of the sea without You.

The branches of trees
In the garden of joy are strong and fresh,
But without You they won't grow,
They won't become green.

The Phoenix of heart
Has settled down in Your shadow.
It would fall in the fire without You.

When I saw soul sick,
I asked, "How are you? Are you well?"
"Come to your senses," he said,
"Tell of these words;
If there is no fruit, leaves shouldn't grow either."

"O sick soul," I said,
"My day is brightened, look at his image."
"This trouble which I am in, this illness
Won't get better without you," he answered.

You are Soul, all the people are forms made by fire.
If You are not here,
Let the forms and fire both disappear.

We are offering the glasses full of fire
To every heart to drink drop by drop.
It won't be the sherbet of Kevser¹⁹ without You.

Hundreds of thousands of souls have been sacrificed
After drinking Elest's²⁰ wine.
Mind is saying that, "If you are not around
I don't want to have that pleasure."

Both villages, I mean both existences,
Shine with Your smell.
This slave, this servant of Yours
Won't be a head in those villages without You.

There are hundreds of wings in my eye
To see Your face.
If You are not there,
There won't be one wing in both my eyes.

What's the use if every hair of our body
Becomes Sencer²¹ or Husrev?²²
It will be neither Husrev,
Sultan of Sultans, nor Sencer without You.

As long as the separation of Shemseddin
Keeps showing us its dagger,
The rose bouquet, which we gather in our hand,
Will become a dagger.



13.

Verse 119

Since you have such a stately sword
You have become so cowardly. How come?
You are a jewel, a pearl,
But you have become less than stone. Why?

Everybody holds a part of you
Pulling in different directions,
Whereas you are not a corpse.
Furthermore, even though you are the Sultan's falcon,
How come this is happening?

The power of sight came to your eyes
From the Eternal eye.
It is a shame that your eyes
Are looking at temporary things.
Why aren't your eyes ashamed?

How come a person for whom nobody
Bought land by cash or installment,
Became a leader to a cash mine?

That black soul, who is a sham even to unbelievers,
Pours poison on your head,
Yet, you are the honey of faith.
What kind of situation is that?

You are aquiver with love for him.
Yet, he is your shadow.
He is only a form after all.
You are the Soul, what is this business?

In order to cover his faults,
He keeps telling of your faults.
Whereas you are scattering souls to him
From the land of Absence.
Do you know why that is?

When you see an existence in him,
You say, "I am not that."
Instead of settling his case,
"You are him," you say.
Why is that?

The anger of friends is temporary,
Their essence is your love.
For this temporary rage,
You remove permanent substance.
Why is that?

The real sultan is Shems of Tebriz.
He is second to no one.
But you call the second real,
And the real sultan second.
Why is that?



14.

Verse 129

Your trouble, which came at night,
Lasted a long time.
O the Beloved of my Soul, You left me alone.
When is the time of Union?

How nice you are, O Sun of Greatness,
When you shine on us.
Greetings, O full Moon who gives us ecstasy
And illuminates the darkness.

Torment us as much as you want.
We still don't want anybody but You.
Try our heart as much as you want.
There is no master for us but You.

O morning breeze, I am next to the Beloved,
From whom you brought a gift to me.
O dream of Union,
My soul is the place you played with us
In the moment we were unified.

O Shemseddin, the one who left our Tebriz,
How long will you be watching
The scratches you left on our face?



15.

Verse 134

Either mind will understand You
Or the better, clean Soul.
Angels in the sky
Will understand your Levhi Mahfuz.²³

Either the Archangel Gabriel
Sees You in a dream, or Jesus or Moses.
The place which deserves You
Is either Sidre²⁴ or the last stages.²⁵

Moses' Mount Sinai turned into blood
By the passion of love,
Because voices are echoes from the Master of Masters,
Shemseddin at Mount Sinai.

The mountain of Uhud was burned with a blaze
After seeing the circle of Your face.
The Soul of the Prophet Mohammed
Yelled at the top of his voice,
"How much I long for You."

If his beauty of one hair's tip
Reflects without a curtain,
The jealousy of God burns both worlds with fire.

His beauty is reflected
Through a hundred thousand curtains,
The soul keeps yelling,
"Greetings my Sultan, greetings."

The tall cypress tree
Bends and prostrates toward Tebriz.
The star of Suha²⁶ carries the saddle's
Cover of the horse of Tebriz.



16.

Verse 141

① desires of my heart, come, come, come, come.
O my wishes, my longing, come, come, come, come.

I am tied, knot by knot,
Scattered part by part like your hair.
O one who unties my knots,
Put together my parts, come, come, come, come.

Don't talk about roads or the journey, don't talk.
Enough.
O my road, my journey, come, come, come, come.

You picked up a handful of earth, remember?
A handful of soil.
I am in that earth, come, come, come, come.

I know the difference between good and bad,
I know that.
But how do I know of your beauty?
What do I understand of that?
I am confused, come, come, come, come.

My mind wouldn't burn with your love,
Wouldn't be burned.
I know nothing,
I am not smart, come, come, come, come.

O Sultan Selahaddin, you are in the middle,
At the same time you are hidden.
O my amazing main pillar, come, come, come, come.



17.

Verse 148

When I desired Union,
Burned with fire,
I went to Mount Sinai, like Moses.

I saw a Sultan, the Sultan of sultans,
A charmer there, who adds Soul to souls,
Attracts the heart.

Mount Sinai, the plains, the desert,
Were shining with the light of His face.
They looked like they had all become eternal heaven.

Cupbearers with golden cups in their hands,
With faces as bright as the full moon
Were standing in His presence.

Faces that became as pale as saffron
Are shining from the light of His Beauty.
Ones that are confident of His assembly are putting
A trace of His dust as salve to their eyes.

Earth has become exuberant from
The melodies of His love.
The sky kept whirling with the hope of His union.

That Sultan of Sultans looked at Absence,
That Absence came to life.
He stepped to the head of existence
With the feet of zeal.

Players have broken the fret of their instruments,
So His light would have no curtain in both worlds.

The shadows of kindness
Joins with the Sun of greatness
Then gathers all opposite things together.
The level of the maturity of His love
Allows opposites to be unified.

When the morning breeze
Snatched the veil from His face
Everybody's image was broken to pieces
And disappeared.

But when their existences disappeared,
Every one of them became a hundred.
Existence appeared to be non-existence there,
Non-existence like existence.

I have seen the fragments of loyalty
Flying in His air beyond this world,
Which looked like Soul.
They are all clean and bright.

I felt ashamed in front of Him at that time,
So I untied my Zunnar,²⁷
Which I had been wearing because of my guilt.

"O my Beauty," I said,
"Whose face is more beautiful than the moon,
I repent, don't refuse my repentance."
He answered me,
"You have a long way to go to see repentance."



18.

Verse 162

Don't play any tune but our Beloved's.
Play the melody of that Joseph
Whose beauty is equivalent to thousands
Of beauties, like Joseph.

O the cupbearer Sultan's eyes
Made all the Josephs drunk,
Tore their curtain, showed their secrets.

Our soul also started to drink blood
Like the dogs around him.
Bravo a thousand times
To our dogs who drink blood.

There are hundreds of thousands of eternal springs
In His love's melodies.
There are hundreds of thousands of nightingales
Singing in our rose garden.

The soul has worn zunnar from the Jesus of time.
Even faith is jealous of our zunnar.

This sun was born from Soul,
Not from the East or the West.
For that reason, our door, our wall,
Starts moving like particles.

We are like particles behind this sun.
Our job, day and night,
Is to keep moving like particles.

Since Shems of Tebriz is our friend now,
We will be friend to lovers
Who have fallen in love.



19.

Verse 170

☪ Cupbearer, turn this to pure,
Clean wine and offer it to us.
Annihilate existence and non-existence
And also tear these words apart.

The strong, clear, pure joy of this wine
Will pull Kafdagi²⁸ from its roots.

That clear, pure wine weaves such games
In the mind that mind will kick the weaver
Who makes existential dresses out of his home.

It is such a wine that the just, tolerant religion
Submits bashfully to its pleasant tortures
And nice mischief.

Your mind, your temper,
Your disposition and worries
About this or that resemble stars.
Dissolve them in that wine, like the sun.

Fill the glass of Soul with that wine
And watch His favors.
Drink that wine so the eyes of your Soul
Will be open and see those kindnesses.

Your body is just like a shoe.
Your soul is the shoemaker in that body.
How can you call a shoemaker
The confidant of the Sultan?

The soul that is created by fire
Doesn't know anything about that wine.
How could a person,
Who makes pots and pans from clay,
Have the fire of zeal in his heart?

Our Shemseddin became God's sword
In the hand of God.
Greetings to that sword,
And to the one who carries the sword.

Make the horse of wishes of the longing one
Reach Him.
My God, don't ruin these covers and sheets.

The city of Tebriz is such a city
That if the past has received any news
From its hidden secrets,
It would become drunk and pass out of itself.



20.

Verse 181

Those ugly ones appear
Like a moon behind the curtain.
They are really the fire of straw
But they imitate moonlight.

The fight and struggle of Dedjdjal²⁹ from inside,
Abdal³⁰ on the outside, look as they are.
Traps of thieves are inside of them,
The symbols of Sultans are in their talks.

Don't fall in love with a charshaf.³¹
Don't ride your donkey in the mud,
Or you'll get stuck there on the donkey.

If you give bread to a dog,
It smells it first before eating it.
You are not a dog, you are a lion.
Why all your fights for bread?

When you see a colorful corpse, you call it a Soul.
Where is color? Where is Soul?
You must search, find the real Soul.

You are the question.
The Beloved's wishes are the answer to every question.
When the answer comes,
The question disappears in that answer.

The way wine is created
From the kindness of grape juice,
You also come to existence, by His word.
The way water is annihilated in the wine,
You also are annihilated with His wine.

When fire glitters, it rises up.
He also rose, took the lead graciously, seductively.
Yet, you bend your head in front of the truth.

It doesn't matter if the plunder of fall
Took all the leaves from the garden,
The justice of the Sultan of spring
Came and knocked on the door.

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There are green letters written on leaves,
Like books.
Learn from the One who is
The essence of the book,³²
The meaning of this writing.



21.

Verse 191

For the brave,
There is either union with the Beloved, or wine.
Because a person whose hand is as generous
As the sea, won't step on the river.

Those brave ones,
Who resemble immortal Souls of eternal ones,
Are like water in clarity, like clouds in generosity.

They are the companions of the water of life,
Hizirs³³ in the sky.
They are the life of every prosperous place,
The treasure of every ruin.

Water is the friend of light,
This one is clear, that one is beautiful.
Both of them are sneaky,
But not in a bad way, they are calculating.

Water, either in the basin or in the river,
Starts moving when it comes to hand.
When its light is reflected on the wall
It keeps trembling, wriggling.

Some things long for and attract each other forever.
You watch and see, I'll keep silent.
God knows best.



22.

Verse 197

There is a different world
Inside of the lover's heart,
But our beloved's heart
Is an entirely different pleasure, different soul.

Enlightened hearts know many secrets,
But the heart of lovers know another one.

He became an ear
For so many charmers' divine wisdom,
Because he is like the interpreter of every secret.

Look carefully, there is a silver lined earth
Deep in the heart because of His kindness.
See that and understand,
There is another sky for this important place.

Mind, love and knowledge
Are the ladders to God's roof.
But there is another ladder
To reach God in the real world.

The one who walks at night
Is free from guard and the Sultan of mind.
They go in that direction.
But the Soul has a different guard on that side.

The beauties on the way of meaning
Have a hard time dealing with one heart,
God's divine revelation came to them,
"Heart has another Beloved."

The mouth that talks of taking blame of the heart
That has been grabbed, close your lips,
Because He also has another tongue.

Shems of Tebriz resembles the light, the candle.
All candles and lights are his moths,
Because he has an entirely
Different universe in the heart.



23.

Verse 206

Be a bit of dust to someone
Whose life's water is clear and pure.
Otherwise if half the soul is in the body,
You will have half of the bread.

I asked Him,
"Why all this separation if we will unify at the end?"
He said, "Yes, I am a butcher.
I sell a leg of meat with a chunk of neck."

I went to see the valley of heart.
It is not possible to tell, to explain,
That valley doesn't fit in the eye.

I have the drunken eyes of the One who
Is called "Beloved, Beloved," all the time.
But He is not contained
In either my eyes or both universes.

Go, become bigger than two worlds.
I will scatter the Soul of souls
In my heart to your head,
Also the sight of my eyes.

Every particle touches his Beloved
With its shoulder,
Just to remind Him
It is time for engagement, time for weddings.

Fire and water become one in that union.
The rose bud is a hyacinth there,
Then they all become iris.

There is wealth and treasures under their feet.
At their top, there are gardens and meadows.
Listen, the voice comes from the heights,
"It is not time to say so, so."

His pleasure reigns over our head.
His necklace adorns our neck.
Even I cannot tell openly, even His shape,
His disposition isn't known.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are a sun.
How can I praise you?
I have hundreds of tongues,
All of them are like a sword.
But when I start telling about you,
They all become lisps and stutters.



24.

Verse 216

Is there any value in serving
As long as there is no love?
Absolutely not.
Service is always under your control, but love is
not.

Love is to render service constantly from inside.
There is no other service in the earth
Which will go on constantly, besides love.

If you act like a drunk
Without being drunk, love will say,
“He drank buttermilk, buttermilk, he is not drunk.”

“Why does he pretend
To keep moving up and down in the air?”
The person is not low.
“Why does he keep lowering himself?”

“He is caught in the net of earth,
Separated from the sea.
Yet, he still thinks he is free.”



25.

Verse 221

If your heart is not with me,
What's the use being together?
You stay with me,
But since the situation is like that,
It doesn't do you any good.

Since your mouth is tied,
Your lungs are burning,
What's the use of plunging into water?
Water won't do you any good.

There is no pleasure in dresses
If the body has no soul.
There is no use of pots and pans
If there is no bread, no meals.

If earth is full of musk and amber up to the sky,
What's the use of this
To a person who cannot smell?

As long as you stay away from fire,
You are sour dough, raw.
There is no use even if you choose
A thousand friends, a thousand beauties.



26.

Verse 226

Your good deeds
Will run in front of you after your death.
They sway around the world of appearances
Like women,
Their faces are more beautiful than the moon.

One will hold your hand,
The other will ask how you are feeling,
Another will bring you appetizers and sweets.

When you divorce your body,
You will see row upon row of beautiful,
Faithful Muslim houris³⁴ in front of you.

Innumerable houris walk ahead of your coffin,
Your patience is carried on by angels.
Now, your thanks and gratitude
Are those joyfully walking angels.

Your clean deeds become friends
To you in the grave.
They embrace you like sons and daughters.

You will wear beautiful dresses
Made by the warp and woof of your faith.
Your soul will spread from these dimensions,
To a much larger space.

Put your mind in your head and be silent.
Sow good seeds, because heaven
Is made by good deeds.



27.

Verse 233

○ caravan master, look at the camels,
They are all drunk from head to tail.
The master is drunk, the servant is drunk,
The friend is drunk, the stranger is drunk.

O gardener, thunder in the sky became a chorus,
And the cloud became the cupbearer.
The garden is drunk, the valley is drunk,
The bud is drunk, the thorn is drunk.

O sky, why are you turning?
Watch all these whirling elements.
Water is drunk, wind is drunk,
Earth is drunk and fire is drunk.

That's the way of outside appearance.
Don't ask me about the inside.
The soul is drunk, mind is drunk,
Illusions are drunk and secrets are drunk.

Go away, quit being mean.
Turn into dust so you can see the dust
With the grace of God,
Who mends all broken pieces.
Every particle of earth is drunk.

Don't worry, the garden did not
Lose its drunkenness in winter.
It's only hidden from jealous eyes for a while.

The roots of those trees are drinking wine secretly.
Be patient for a couple of days,
Then watch how they will be waking up drunk.

If someone bumps into you while walking,
Don't get angry.
Where there is such a cupbearer, and such a player,
How can a drunk walk steadily?

Cupbearer, give another cup of wine.
How long will this fight continue?
Friends are drunk with knowledge,
Enemies are drunk from ignorance.

Give me more wine than that
So this knot will be untied.
The drunk doesn't give his turban
Until the wine hits his head.

You see the troubles over there.
The cupbearer is greedy, the wine is rotten.
The drunk cannot go straight
If the cupbearer is not generous,
If the wine is not good.

See the pale faces and give the rose-colored wine.
Because this makeup
Doesn't make the drunk's face and cheeks rosy.

**You have a beautiful God's wine.
It goes down so easily.
If the drunk wants, he could drink
A donkey's load in one night.**

**O Shems of Tebriz,
Nobody is awake in your time.
The believer is drunk, the unbeliever is drunk,
The bigot is drunk, the cupbearer is drunk.**



28.

Verse 247

Player, play that tune because our beloved
Came here as a drunk.
That loyal, clean soul came as a drunk.

Even when he dresses in sorrow,
I recognize him as a spark.
Because he came so many times,
Gracefully drunk.

If he breaks our jar, spills our water,
Don't say a word, brother.
Because the water carrier came as a drunk, too.

I deceive my drunk, but he smiles.
"Look at this naive one," he says,
"He became drunk.
Where did he come from?"

If you try to cheat the person,
That fire will be extinguished
By one word from him.
Earth and wind will become drunk.

I told him, "When I die, you come to my grave."
I jumped out of my grave saying,
"That beautiful one came to my grave as a drunk."

He said, "Who believes that?
The one who comes as a drunk from God,
Exists with God.
Do you think his soul will ever die?

Look at this pure, abstract love.
It fills the soul like a glass.
Watch the face of the cupbearer,
He met with the beloved, then came as a drunk."

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Everybody chooses his friends in this world.
Our friend, our Beloved, is love.
Because this came from the assembly of Elest,
Without "me and you" as a drunk.



29.

Verse 256

The sun rose differently today,
Shines differently.
Our souls are moving like particles in its light.

Jupiter is in our house of luck.
The moon and Jupiter are both our presence.
The beloved became the only master of this place
With hair that resembles a club.

This is the sultan's assembly.
Good health to the one who became his servant.
He set the table of mercy
And became a cupbearer to brothers.

O cupbearer, you came at the end.
Start drinking from the beginning, offer wine.
What are feet, what is the head?
They all become one.



30.

Verse 260

Since you cannot perceive His essence,
Open your eyes to His attributes.
Since you are unable to see the One,
Who cannot be contained by dimensions,
Watch His glory in dimensions.

Watch the houris behind the curtain of sky,
The ones who belong to the light.
They are all Moslems, believers,
Obedient and innocent.

Every one of them is full of play and caprices.
They all make lovers happy,
Every one of them a candle of Taraz,³⁵
Every one of them a morning of salvation.

Every one of them closed her lips, shut her mouth,
But can explain everything in detail.
Every one of them takes sugar;
They all are a mine of sugar cane.

Give up the old soul, try to get a brand new soul.
Sway around in the world of poverty and absence,
Try to receive alms from there.

Suck the Soul's milk from Mary.
Because you are also a second child
Born from Mary.
Drink milk from the Mary
That gave up sons and daughters like Jesus.

O One whose days are Bairam,
Whose nights are kadir,³⁶ berat,³⁷
You tied night and day with a chain,
Like Mecnun. Keep pulling.

When the king showed his face,
The knight and bishop became his followers.
Mind has fallen in poverty, become checkmated.
The soul is yelling, "Stay away, stay away."

Don't think lovers will be broken like fragile bottles
In the time of confusion.
Their tolerance is stronger
Than the mountain of Judi.³⁸

The origin of every art, every work is Love.
But the one who doesn't see heart's field of cress
Starts talking nonsense.

I became silent.
I met someone who talks better than I.
In order to die in his presence,
I keep saying, "O truth, kill me, kill me."

When Shems of Tebriz
Opens his mouth, which is like sugar,
All the small bones keep moving.³⁹

Go, be silent.

Start getting serious with the work.

How long will you keep saying,

“Fåilåtun, Fåilåtun, Fåilåt?”



31.

Verse 273

Love is not knowledge, superiority,
Not in books or papers.
The people gossip, love is not that.

Know this very well:
The branches of love are in the world of immortality
Its roots are in eternity.
This tree neither leans toward
The ninth level of heaven, nor the earth.
This tree has no trunk.

We kick the mind off the job, we beat desires.
Because this mind,
This desire, doesn't deserve such greatness.

This longing inside of you is for yourself.
Make sure of this.
When you become Beloved, longing will cease.

The man in the sea
Grabs the wood of hope, tries to stay on it.
But when man and wood disappear,
Nothing but plunging into the sea remains.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are the sea, you are the pearl.
Because all your being is nothing
But the secret of the Almighty.



32.

Verse 279

I want a fountain that adds Soul
To everybody's soul.
I want a Beloved where even death
Will find peace and quietness.

I have been a slave to such an endless sea that
He is beyond endlessness.
His kindness will reach stone as well as pearl.

The garden and peacock both
Have shares of His Beauty.
He is not all dressed up,
But His favor and kindness reach even the raven.

Meaning doesn't decrease if form becomes scarce.
The lover is in the mud, but still full of pleasure.

Watch the soul,
It is with dust and dirt in the body.
But it is not aware of them.

O Shems of Tebriz,
Your step on the house of good luck and prosperity
Is light and brightness to its floor,
A star of decoration to its roof.



33.

Verse 285

Hard working people, gather together.
It is not a time for sleep,
Sleepers won't be friends of conversation.

The one who doesn't shed tears
Like the turning water wheel,
Cannot see the face of the drunk.
Loses the way to the vegetable garden.

O one who pursues the desire
Of your heart in this muddy world,
You are running toward that river
But there is no water in the canal.

O Moon, rise in the sky of heart,
So that night will turn into morning.
The night traveler doesn't say,
"There is no moonlight tonight."

If my heart doesn't tremble
Like mercury with love,
He shouldn't know your place,
Your essence.



34.

Verse 290

Watch and see.

All good people are drunk
With the wine of, "God gives them water."⁴⁰
Seven layers of sky, five senses and four elements
Are drunk with His endless beauty.

Look at His resurrection.
It came from the land of Absence
With the wine of God,
Who mends the broken things.
The jar, pitcher, pool, river of heaven are all drunk.

The body resembles the shadow
Which is cast to earth.
The pure Souls of lovers are drunk
At the shore of heaven
Where rivers are flowing.⁴¹

When the Beauty of God appears more,
Both worlds become drunk particle by particle,
Like Moses.

From the wishes of drunks and the answer of,
"You'll never be able to see me,"
The hair of the Prophet Mohammed
Is drunk for intercession.

He is like a head,
We are the turban wrapped around Him.
But because of that wine,
The head is drunk, the turban is drunk.

O Joseph of Egypt, bend your head, look at Egypt.
The city is in confusion,
The market and the bazaar are all drunk.

Brother, if I told you, you'd be amazed.
Arsh⁴² is drunk from this,
As well as Kursi⁴³ and the sky.
Shems of Tebriz rose in my heart, sat at assembly.
This door, this wall are all drunk
With the wine of love.



35.

Verse 299

What is the joy and happiness
In this rose garden
If one doesn't experience the Soul's happiness?
What is the purpose of living if there is not
The kindness and favor of that Beloved.

The tavern of eternity
Hasn't filled with the light of your face.
Then why have all the places of worship
Been ruined at the land of Soul?

If our souls have not been grown
At the same place as His love,
Why is soul the twin of His love?

If that face's light of kindness
Hasn't done favors of Beauty,
Why this reproachment and cruelty
At the council of the lover's palace.

If the creatures who live in water,
Air and this muddy earth
Know about our love, what is this tumult
That hits the roof of heart?

If someone whose face like fire
Doesn't burn the soul secretly,
Why is the lover's head full of fire and wind?

If souls have not been painted
With the color of fire in the land of Absence,
What are those hundreds of thousands of torches,
Like a birthday?

If soul hasn't made any mistake
On his first promise to be sacrificed for Him,
When is that promise to come to agreement?

If Shems of Tebriz is not the sultan of soul,
Why do hundreds of thousands of souls
Obey his orders?



36.⁴⁴

Verse 308

You immediately bend your head.
Where is your kebab?⁴⁵
Where is your wine?
O one whose sun has set, how dark is your face?

Do you remember, once you were fighting
With the mind about drunkenness.
If you break this key, who will open your door?

You are not boiling with sweet trouble.
You block the way of the fountain of life.
Your face's water is dried, altogether.

You keep climbing to the top,
Acting superior, showing evidence.
Now, love came to test you.
Where is your question?
Where is your answer?

You were the richest of the merchants.
You appear as if you are Kaarun.
That was a dream you saw; it is over,
Because the sleep in your head is finished.

You talk too big, but in the end
You have fallen inside of buttermilk.
Your pure wine is buttermilk, you keep drinking it.

You understand what I am saying,
Even though you try to hide it.
Hide it so the words on the surface of heart
Don't become writing.



37.

Verse 315

⓪ charmer, isn't it time to drink?
O mine of sugar, isn't it time to scatter sugar?

You resemble the water of life,
We are like the seed under the earth.
Now it is time to mix, to get into us.

Even if I decay like a seed,
I germinate, grow, become a sapling.
If you mix everything together into one,
Something will be formed for sure.

From now on, O Sword of God,
Be sharp in my hand.
Because it is time, with your favor,
To become sharper, harder than fire.

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The sleep of soul's eyes becomes sleep to head's eye.
At last, Shems of Tebriz
Became a curtain to Shems of Tebriz.



38.

Verse 320

Rise O Moon, if you are not in our universe,
There is not even a star in our sky.
There will be no remedy to our troubles
Until your spectre comes dancing with a smile.

If Your image shines on the mountain,
Springs come out of the mountain.
Consider our heart to be mountain and rock only.

Fire erupted from a stone
Which received your kindness and favor.
Water sprung from the next,
The other became garnet.

I have tested your favor many times.
I saw you bring the dead to life.
Not once but many times

If the cloud of mercy doesn't rain every morning,
It is because of you, it is your order.
My crying heart, to You, is nothing
But a crying baby in the cradle.

My heart has been broken
In hundreds of pieces, like Mount Sinai,
But none of these pieces is in my hand.

He struck Moses' iron staff to my heart
In order to make a spark, or the blink of a star,
Because the cloud doesn't bring any lightning.



39.

Verse 327

There is no room for cowards
At the door of our Beloved.
They are all sultans, no place for slaves there.

Know this very well.
If you are boasting with your luck, your fortune,
This luck and fortune are a shame and disgrace
In front of our glory, our kingdom.

Go ahead, if you are happy with your poverty,
Carry your patched mantle.
Because it is only zunnar⁴⁶ that is the dress,
The luxury in the presence of our Sultan

If you become God's light,
Keep going from East to West.
Since You became like that,
We don't care for other lights

If you learned God's secret,
You belong to that side.
Because our secrets are different than others.

Be real truth on our way,
Leave deceits and pretensions to the side.
Because our place is not
The place for crooked impostors.

If you try to measure our boundaries
With a compass, forget it, O brother.
Our boundaries are far beyond that.

There is a different convent for love dervishes.
There is neither a bowl of soup
Nor income of pious foundations there.

I sit at the bottom of hell,
I gave up the throne and crown,
Because we have neither desire for heaven
Nor longing for good people.



40.

Verse 336

The birds who lay golden eggs;
They are here.
The ones who put the saddle
On the untamed colt of destiny every morning,
They are here.

When they ride horses,
Seven levels of sky become the place for them.
When they lay down,
The sun and moon become pillows for them.

There are such fish that there is a Jonah
In the soul of each one of them.
There are such rose saplings,
That they adorn the sky,
They brought fate a better shape.

They swallow hell on the last day of judgment,
They offer heaven to the wishers.
They have all the power,
But they neither know how to pray nor curse.

They move mountains gracefully on air,
They sweeten the sea, like sugar.

They transform bodies into Soul,
Then they make souls eternal.
They turn stone into a ruby mine,
Fate into blasphemy.

They are more obvious than anybody.
At the same time, more secret than anybody.
If you want to see them openly,
They appear in front of your eyes.

In order to see them clearly,
Put the dirt they step on as salve on your eyes.
Because they make the one who was born blind
From the mother, see all around.

If you are despicable, contemptible,
Still be firm and sharp like a thorn for searching,
So they will turn all your thorns into roses.

If I was able to say everything to be said,
I would tell it in such a way that
Souls and angels in the sky would appreciate them.



41.⁴⁷

Verse 346

Who has seen love which glitters
Inside of the heart?
Yet, before this appearance,
There were thousands of valleys
And plains between Him and us.

The One who brings
Small pieces of bone⁴⁸ to life has arrived.
O dead ones, rise and watch the day of resurrection.

He listens nicely to our complaints,
Becomes a remedy for our troubles.
"Smile," he said, "you have cried a long time.
You came out from behind the curtains,
Wake up from sleep."

Great books come down from great writers,⁴⁹
Wake up from⁵⁰ ignorance, go for studying.

Scales have arrived to tell our weights.⁵¹
Our God put our affairs on a straight path.
O generous God, be generous with your mercy.

My sultan, I will say it in Farsi.
You are aware of heart.
Your moon shines constantly,
Your kingdom became eternal.

If a person who is tired and bored on earth
Sees You and doesn't become young and beautiful,
His clear, pure water becomes turbid,
His fire turns into ashes.

If the sleeping person sees your morning,
And doesn't get up from bed,
The eyes of his destiny will be closed
Until the last day of judgment.



42.

Verse 354

Before wine, the vineyard or grape
Ever existed in this world,
Our Soul was drunk
With everlasting wine, with God's wine.

Before this hide and seek,
Before Mansur said that secret word,
The subtle point,
We kept saying, "I am God,"
At the Baghdad of the world.

Before that "Universal Soul" started
Being an architect in this land of mud,
We had long been starting to drink
At the tavern of truth.

Our soul was like a world,
Soul's glass became the Sun.
That world was filled with light
By the wine of Soul, up to its neck.

O Cupbearer, make drunk those lives
In this world of mud so they will understand
What a kingdom they have left behind,
Of what a fortune they have been deprived.

Life would be sacrificed to that cupbearer
Who came from Soul to show and explain
Everything that has been hidden, covered.

We are waiting in front of that cupbearer,
Our mouths are open.
The wine that he serves doesn't give headaches.
Bees don't make His honey.

Beloved, either close our mouth with your hand,
Or know that the treasure that has been hidden
Under seven layers of earth is about to be found.

O city of Tebriz,
If you were famous before Shemseddin,
If anybody knew you before that,
Talk about that time.



43.

Verse 363

We are an enemy to ourselves,
A friend to the one who kills us.
We have been submerged into the sea,
Its waves are killing us.

We are giving our lives
With smiles and pleasure like that,
Because this death is killing us nicely, sweetly.

That dark, ignorant Satan
Keeps asking for delays from Him.
Then he delays, saying,
“I will kill the day after, not tomorrow.”

Give your neck to His dagger gracefully,
Like Ishmail, don't pull back.
He is the One who could pull your neck
To His chest or kill you if He wishes.

“Would that be nice, if my tribe knows?”⁵²
He keeps yelling like that.
On the surface, the Beloved acts like
He is killing, but in reality He gives
Life to hundreds of souls, secretly.

Raise your head from your body
Which resembles the earth.
See if He pulls you to the sky or kills you.

Soul is taking the wind,
Wine is giving a soul.
He is saving the falcon of Soul,
Killing the raven of grief.

Even if He kills His own Jesus on the cross,
The ones who believe Jesus is dead
Are false Christians.
The real believer never has this doubt.

Every lover is like Mansur,
He would be glad to be killed.
The non-lovers die slowly,
Knowingly every moment.

Humans meet death hundreds of times a day.
God's love submits itself
To death without any reason.

The one who denies, kills himself.
Should I keep quiet,
Or tell the secret of the lover's death?

Shems of Tebriz rose from the East like the sun,
Extinguishing the candle of stars fearlessly.



44.

Verse 375

The river which turns the arch of sky,
It is right here.
The face which the moon and Venus admire;
It is right here.

That Sultan's club which brings
Every ball to unity;
It is right here.

Noah, who made the ark with the wood of knowledge
And drowned the ones
Who did not embark on his boat,
He is right here.

Whoever receives the mantle from Him
Would pull the mantle from its filament.
Whoever eats a morsel from Him,
He would become Lokman.⁵³

Summer and winter are out of order for this Sultan.
He makes this moment winter for me,
Summer for you.

The rose and thorn are all the same at His temple.
He wounds someone with the tip of the thorn,
For others He makes the thorn a rose, a rose garden.

Whoever escapes to water with His order,
The water turns to fire.
But the one who jumps into the fire
With His love, the fire becomes sweet basil.

I am telling this because of strong evidence.
Even if my evidence is doubt from beginning to end,
He makes doubt like evidence.

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O man, why do you get stuck
With the idea of Satan?
Look at this carefully.
He changes man to Satan,
And Satan to man every moment.

Here is Hizir, who has the water of life
And keeps giving eternity to living ones,
Makes animals from the dead.

The philosopher calls this Illet-u ula⁵⁴
But He shows kindness
And cures the philosopher's diseases.

He is the essence of the mirror of the whole existence.
Don't breathe on that mirror.
If you do, the mirror becomes misted all over,
Finds you guilty.

Don't breathe on the mirror
That mirror becomes your breath.
If you breathe heavily on the mirror,
It hides its face from you.

Your belief, your unbelief are all from Him.
Others are the same, don't doubt it.
His eyes would loot faith.

The one who thinks he doesn't know anything,
At the temple of God, knows everything.
But the one who acts like he knows,
His zeal makes him totally ignorant.

All this knowledge, imagination and imitation
Are the trap for bread.
Real knowledge comes from the One
Who taught the Koran.⁵⁵
He knows whatever He gives.

It is desperation for that blind one
To go around door by door.
He doesn't look for salve for his eyes,
He keeps asking for bread.

These words are water
Flowing from endless seas of love to this world
To change the bodies to souls.

The one who looks for the end of the water
Is the one who is not a fish.
But the fish would never think
About the end of water.

If you come to the road of lovers
With truth and humility,
Shems of Tebriz will allow you
Into the assembly of Masters
And make you one of them.



45.

Verse 395

When His separation covered the six directions,
Nothing could help.
The one who desires the heart,
Smells the blood of heart.
That's why heart has been turned into blood.

I learned to play the Cen⁵⁶ just to wail through it.
Nobody hears my cry, the harp cries for me.

O one who runs to every corner,
You haven't brought things together.
The only one who could do that is the One
Who cannot be contained by six dimensions.

The lion tears the gazelle to pieces.
Our Lion is the unseen One
Who breathes on a picture
Of the gazelle and makes it real.

He turns your insides to tulips,
Your outside to saffron.
He makes you a red master in one moment,
In the next, He makes you yellow.

Don't look for the waves of that sea.
The river is the one who helps that sea.
You look for the One who makes your eyes as
Nothing but two drops of fat to the river of light.

How lucky for the one whose face is as beautiful
As the moon and becomes thinner with the new moon.
How beautiful and sweet the person is that
Has the dispositions of a field of sugar cane.

The iron which is melted like a candle
In order to receive the seal of love
Changes stone to pearl,
Gives the smell of amber to the earth.

If He wants wine, Yahni⁵⁷ and Kebob.⁵⁸
I will take my burning heart
And bloody tears to His presence.

The stork knows the truth,
He recognizes the owner of the property.
That's why he yells, "Lek, Lek."
The dove is behind the curtain,
That's why he keeps saying, "Coo, coo."

Decrease the fat, the water, and be silent.
How lucky is the one,
Who makes himself thin, like hair,
By the sorrow of that face.



46.

Verse 406

Love makes the lover turn against the people.
When the lover turns his back on the people,
Love turns His face to him.

The person who is popular with people
Is not good for love,
Because the prostitute soul
May have hundreds of husbands.

The Sultan of love accepts to His side
The lover who is thrown out by everybody.
Left at the side, He lets him sit next to Him.

When the people send him to exile,
He becomes completely separated from them,
He quits their disposition
And acquires love's character.
Inside and outside he will be filled with love.

When Soul is accepted by the people
He gives his heart to everyone
And keeps looking in every corner like a thief.

When Love sees him,
"My hair will keep you under its shade," he says.
The lover smells musk and amber
Under the shade of His hair.

But I would make musk and amber
An enemy to the sense of smell,
So that Love would give up both of them.

The lover smells musk by remembering us,
But he just started this desire,
He keeps saying, "Where, where?"

When he grows up and opens the eye of knowledge,
He won't run to the bank of the river,
He will dive into it.

If you are new in love,
Get used to suffering, eat pain, drink pain,
So Shirin will give medicine from Husrev's honey.

Maybe you can obtain drunkenness
From Shems of Tebriz,
So he will take you away from you,
Beyond both worlds.
You will become without you.



47.

Verse 417

Open the bale of sugarcane, O beautiful one,
So our lives will be sweetened.
Look how the cloud of grief came to cover everything.

O color of colorlessness, you have such power,
Like the moon.
Like the moon changes stones into ruby
With moonlight,
Like the moon ripens fruit.

O Moon, lift the curtain, don't hide
The bale of sugar that is in your silverish arms.
Our situation turns into gold.

Your love gives ecstasy, confuses a person.
Your face give joy, amazes the person.
That's what sea does, that's what pearls do.

One morning your sun rose in the land of heart,
Hit its sword to the sky.
If sky stands, hit the sword to the neck of soul.

Your eyes offer such wine to eyes
That they will see the road through seventy curtains.

If we are alone, together one evening,
I will tell all the favors and kindness of Selaheddin.



48.

Verse 424

Your lips sell wine cheaper now,
While Your drunken eyes turns the big earthen jar.

Your face is giving light to the world, like a sun,
Is changing poison to the antidote
And heresy to faith.

On whomever He turns His attention
He enlightens his eyes.
He submerges to the beloved that one
When He takes his Soul.

When His Sultan of Soul sits on the throne,
He shakes seven layers of sky.

When His favors embrace a person
Who cannot keep his eyes off of everybody's plate
Because of his needs,
That person becomes someone
Who eats at the Sultan's table.



49.

Verse 429

When you mention the name to someone
That the dead will come back to life
With His beauty,
The cries of the world will change into smiles.

Remember someone who,
When His beauty appears,
All the earthly beauties will become slaves to Him.

The Water of Life flows under His throne.
Anyone who drinks water from His river
Reaches immortality.

The Sun has kissed the threshold
Of His throne just one night;
That's why it shines on earth
Through this whirling sky.

The life of a lover is in humiliation.
That's why his dust has been laid under the feet.

The wings of the lover has been burned
By the fire of heart so that
He began flying armless and wingless
Like the sun and moon.

How lucky is the Soul
Who found favor from Shems of Tebriz
So that he passed through nine levels of sky
And reached the land of Absence.



50.

Verse 436

You are the Cupbearer, the One
Whom all cupbearers praise and serve
Day and night.
Your eyes will be sleepy, our soul will keep drinking.

O Beautiful, the mind of Mind will go out of its head
At Your assembly where one drinks
Drink after drink.
O Charmer, with Your exuberant love,
Neither head nor turban will remain.

The heart of Soul would be cut to pieces
Like Egypt's women, and their hands, too.
Egypt's Joseph will also cause trouble
To people in the bazaar.

O Cupbearer, so many get out of hand
By your hands.
Your drunk would reach his desire from Your hand.

Our head would fill with wind,
Our Kirba,⁵⁹ with water.
Love would accept our wind and our water.

The Sultan of Beauty would be our master.
Love would catch and embrace us.
Luck and fortune would be our friend.
The Soul of success, and glory, our peer.

We are at the head, our head is pleasant.

We are embracing each other.

Our existence would pull at the secret constantly.



51.

Verse 443

*L*ast night our elephant remembered India.
It kept tearing the curtain of night
Until morning with its rage.

Last night all the glasses of the cupbearer were full.
Oh, for the good old days.
I wish the rest of our lives would be like last night.

Wines were overflowing from Him.
Minds were lost in Him.
Whole or part would be happy together
With Your beautiful face,
So would the rose and thorn.

The sound of cheering from the drunks
Were rising to the sky.
Wine glasses were in our hands,
The winds were blowing in our heads.

Hundreds of thousands of different noises
Were filling the air.
Thousands of Keykubads⁶⁰ were prostrating there.

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The day of happiness and joy
Has landed on our head like a bird.
Such a day was born suddenly
From pure, clean friends.

Something like the sea
Has covered everything with its waves.
Sky has found a trace of Him
And rubbed it to his face in the night.

Every material thing was blocking
The road with darkness,
Then the light of holiness from God came
And opened all those closed roads.

How could knots of our senses
Stay tied when that wind blows?
How could a person
Stay the same when he reaches His aim?

O Moslems, start living a new life again,
Because the Beloved changes the land of Absence
To the land of existence,
Granting lover's wishes, treating them kindly.

Our Beloved has accepted
The pleading of the oppressed ones.
Whenever He is cupbearer,
Nobody can stay straight and sober.

O Moslems, the roughness of the sea
Of help and kindness break the jargons
Of religious doctrines and also tear the decree of faith.

That help, that kindness is the Sultan Selaheddin.
He is such a Joseph that his buyers in the auction
Have to be the saints of Egypt.



Verse 456

The cupbearer and musicians were all masters
At the assembly of love yesterday.
We were all together,
It was a time of exuberance.

When thoughtful mind saw our excitement,
He came between us.
But was there any room for thoughtful mind
In such a fire as that?

Thousands of eyes of Souls
Have set traps to chase lovers.
Thousands of arrows
Were flying from the bow of love.

A big, strong gazelle came running like a dragon
And raised dust in the square.
Even lions became
Like worthless mountain goats in front of him.

I saw an old man, his eyes were red,
His hair and beard were white like milk.

I saw a gazelle immediately run toward him.
Skies then fell down, it was such a trick.

The bowl of the sun and moon were broken
From the fight and noises,
Because the jars of drunks were completely full.

I asked the auspicious Soul, "What is happening?"
He answered,
"I am not myself, I don't know myself.
All this must be at that old man's instigation."

O Shems of Tebriz,
You are the one who knows
The situation of drunks.
O my master,
If I have done something wrong, forgive me.
I have no heart, no hand.



53.

Verse 465

Eyes became dreamy because of his eyes.
 He was almost hidden from eyes.
 How come, in such a time,
 Evil eyes could touch him?

The words of *bravo*, *wonderful*
 Were coming from Arsh,⁶² Kurshi.⁶³
 Everywhere was filled with light,
 From the oxen to the fish.

There was a Leyla everywhere who became
 Worthless because of his beauty.
 Every being, particle by particle,
 Turned into the famous Mecnun.⁶⁴

Heart has become like Beyazid
 To his face by exuberance.
 Soul has turned into a Mansur
 By hanging on his hair.

Bring the light once more, which increases love.
 Come, once more, so that the one who stays away
 From our drink becomes eternally blind.

A cupbearer came with a big jar
 And took me away from myself.
 Even Houris were jealous of him.
 I couldn't describe his beauty
 Because of drunkenness.

The shape of Shemseddin of Tebriz,
His face, his eyes are the soul to the Soul of Love.
This has been written in the book of love
From the beginning of the beginning.



54.

Verse 472

What would happen if I break
A branch from the rose garden?
What would happen if I lost myself
And touched the beloved's hair?

What would happen if I hurt myself
Like the one who has no faith?
What would happen if I steal
The belongings of a pickpocket?

Is it anything if a basket is lost in great Baghdad?
If a grain is missing from the barn, does it matter?

O firmament, how long will this deceit,
This trick last?
What would happen if the beloved
Sat nicely with his beloved for just one second?

If I should tell of some of his unspoken things,
How would this involve you?
What would happen if my heart
Felt better by saying that?

Something has happened and passed
Between the lover and the Beloved.
You are neither lover nor Beloved,
What business is it of yours?

If he reads the spell of favor,
What is missing from his ruby lips?
What would happen
If the soul of a patient received relief from Jesus?

If tonight is the night of Berat⁶⁵
And everybody found a title of privilege,
If a charmer whose face is as beautiful
As the spotless moon comes to my side,
What would this do to anyone?

O Shems of Tebriz,
What would happen if I keep the lovers idle,
Turn their bazaar upside down with your love?



55.

Verse 481.

My beautiful suddenly came
As a drunk in early dawn
To snatch my heart and go, O Muslims,
Help from the hand of that drunken beauty.

My heart was beating fast,
My eye was twitching, yesterday.
"I wonder," I said, "what I will see,
To whom will my heart reach?"

I was in that thought early this morning.
Then your love came suddenly, full of cheer.

Who am I?
Water, earth wind and fire are all drunk from Him.
His fire does affect me, the earth and the wind, too.

Love is pregnant by Him.
This universe is pregnant with love.
This earth is born from those four elements,
But those four elements are from love.



56.

Verse 486

When our Beloved's love draws its dagger
From the land of Absence,
He pulls me toward him,
He takes me in His arms.

I fit with someone like a key and lock.
My wings were broken at that moment,
Like a wounded bird.

The curse or faith of His lovers
Are all this love's writing.
I swear to God, no one else could write these.

When He opens me, I am wide open.
When He ties me, I am all tied up.
How could a ball on the field
Move itself without a club?

He pushes me to the fire, sometimes, like Abraham.
Sometimes He pulls me out of the fire
Like the Prophet Mohammed,
And sends me to the river of heaven.

"Which one is better?" you ask,
"His fire or His river of heaven?"
As long as He pulls, it is all the same.

Water and fire are both nice,
Trouble comes from Him,
So does peace and comfort.
He makes all these a reason to cover the eyes.

He shows friends as enemies, changes water to fire.
Suddenly puts a pious man
In the circle of unbelievers.

His love is tying and untying the drunks and unruly.
That love pulls the hair of a rebel
And puts him in that circle.

He is the one who gives cautiousness,
Even that one must try to be timid and cautious.
He is the one who gives care
To the mother for her child.



57.

Verse 496

That Sultan of Love rode His horse
And pierced through the web of darkness.
He came as fifteen days of the full moon,
The sun of the day of festivity.

Stars at His service
Are thousands of millions in number.
Every one of them shines from the glory of His face.

He was passing the signs of the Zodiac
On this wheel of fortune and reached
The fiery sign of His lovers.

That time, He remembered me.
He looked everywhere, He could not see me.

He turned around and asked one of His close ones,
"Where is that desperate lover, the one who used
To always be in Our temple, where is he?"

"Every night sees him burning like a candle,
Every morning hears his wails. Where is he?"

Waves of the sea of pity became rough in his heart.
He was looking everywhere
At the same time he was reining me in.
"All the fires in the universe" he was saying,
"Started from His fire."
"Love was casting a spell to his heart."

**“Where is that handful of earth that
When we reflected Him like moonshine,
He turned into moonshine,
Then he shone from earth to the Star of Pleiades?”**

**He became a hundred times, a martyr,
A hundred times he came back to life, like Circis,⁶⁶
For the test of our love.**

**“Where is that Lover
Who causes Absence to become
Pregnant from creation,
Gives birth to that auspicious one
And cuts his umbilical cord with the love of
Shems of Tebriz?”**



58.

Verse 506

Stay at the side,
The Sun of beautiful faces is swaying.
Turn your faces to the moon
With the beauty of His face.

His face is giving hundreds of lives
To old dead ones.
Send the news to lovers who have
Passed away from this world.

Drink wine every moment from
The hands of the eyes
And lips of those two cupbearers
And say, "Mashallah."⁶⁷

An unseen well has been opened
At His face, which resembles the valley.
Go to that valley and try to fall in that well.

A light has appeared at the tent.
Turn the ears of your horse in that direction.

The place of the tent pulls lovers like amber.
O Lovers, turn your bodies
Like the rubbish of Damascus.

**Keep your eyes on his drunken, sleepy eyes.
Your eyes will be brightened.
Cry for evil eyes, say, "Pity, pity."**

**Shems of Tebriz is the sultan of souls.
He is the sultan of time.
Turn your face to him.
Be checkmated by him.**



59.

Verse 514

I came to rub my face
On the feet of the beloved.
I came to apologize for the things I have done.

I came to serve at his rose garden again.
I came to burn my own thorns with fire.

I came to clean this temporary dirt and dust.
To accept my good deed as bad for my Beloved.

I came with crying eyes
To show Him the tears coming from my eyes
Because of the love of that deceitful beauty.

Rise, O peerless love, start loving and pitying again.
I am dead, I am empty.
I gave up acknowledgment and denial altogether,

Because it is impossible to become pure and clear
At the world of existence without Your purity.
It is impossible to be saved from grief without You.

I stay calm and quiet on the surface,
But as you know, there are blood-stained words
In my heart, which drinks blood.

When I am silent, look at my face carefully,
See Your own works.

I finished this *gazel* short,
The rest of it is in the heart.
I will tell it if you make me drunk
With those narcissus eyes.

O one who is separated from his peers,
One who forgets his words.
How come you lost that sharp mind
And became so confused?

O silent one, how are you with these fiery thoughts?
They are coming with their big armies to you now.

They talk with people,
Nobody tells the secret of the Beloved
To doors and walls when he is alone.

I wonder if you can't find anyone.
Is that why you are silent?
You don't see any confidant for your words?

I wonder if you are from a different world?
It seems you cannot mix
With these kinds of carcass-eater dogs of nature.
You cannot get along with that kind of world.



60.

Verse 528

*L*ove's sun gives wine to every particle.
Every hair would become
Cafer'i Tayyar⁶⁸ to our head.

Particles keep flying toward your sun.
Whoever drinks your wine will reach
His wishes, would become auspicious.

Whenever a single thread of your hair
Moves with zeal, it becomes
The woof and warp to the texture
Of our existence, mixes with it.

Away from the land of union, at the desert of grief,
I have been put on the gallows so many times.
From now on, grief will be put on the gallows.

The thorn which has suffered
The reproach of the rose every day
Will be the owner of the rose garden.
That rose will cry with its jealousy.

The snake is a hidden enemy
In the garden of rose worshipers.
That garden would be free from the snake,
The enemy of the rose will perish.

Trouble is unbearable if man
Has nobody with whom it can be shared.
Friends should become closer to help,
So troubles will go away.



61.

Verse 535

Q player, play this music, play this tune.
Alas, for the ones who block the road.
Mercy, especially for that one
Who waylays us on our road.

O player, you learned this from that other brigand.
Because the student has the teacher's accent.

O player, turn your face to Absence,
Because existence is treacherous, a traitor,
Existence is false, deceitful.
The traitor is always a coward,
Because he is afraid, he cannot be cheerful.

O existence, block the way of the existing one.
Because soul doesn't deem himself even to come
Into the world of existence, doesn't think
He was born from existence.

We go to the valley of Absence through deserts.
There are many kinds of bondage in existence,
Joy and pleasure in Absence.

This Absence is like a sea, we are the fish.
But existence is like a fish hook, a net.
The one who is in the net, caught by the hook
Doesn't appreciate the pleasure of the sea.

The one who is trapped,
Has been tied by four elements,
Has been crucified, know that well.
He will keep running behind wishes
And desires in his stupidity.

Your patience's fire burns the fire
Of your existence into ashes.
Burns your being and your body,
Which is born from existence, with fire.

The strike of flint from the verse of,
"I swear for the one who runs out of breath"⁶⁹
Is the fire of patience to the ones
Who are mentioned in the verse of,
"When they step they will spark fire from stone."⁷⁰
They are brave Souls.

He makes a move on the play, beats you.
You keep wondering how he won.
You look at the end.
What's the use of pondering
About earth's chess game?

Sometimes an awkward pawn
Will cut the way of the king abruptly.
If I became the queen, what would happen?
Even if I walk awkwardly,
Smoke still comes out straight.

I went like a pawn until the end,
Straight on the line.
Then I became a queen
And overcame all the hurdles.

The knight tells him,
“All the stages you have gone through
Is only one stage for us.
The distance to the last day of judgment
Is only two steps for us.

The body goes on pilgrimage,
Passing through hundreds of stages.
Yet it takes only one step for the heart.
You should travel like the heart, like the eye.

The chess king says,
“All your clamor comes from me.
If it were not for my shadow, nothing would exist.”

The knight wouldn't have any value.
The bishop would be turned into a mosquito.
Houses would be demolished like the tribe of Ad.⁷¹

I have seen those thousands of moves
Made by the only One that
Winning and losing became the same for me.

There is *checkmate* in the winning,
And winning in *checkmate*.
We have been checkmated
From the sight of my Sultan.
Keep your eyes on us.



62.

Verse 553

If musk and amber smelled my Beloved's hair,
They would give up their smell
And start smelling my Beloved's hair.

If the believer and unbeliever
Could understand His beautiful disposition,
They would give up theirs and acquire His habits.

Suddenly a sun rises from His face,
Shines and tears the curtain,
Reduces all these trivial things to one unique work.

In order to tell His everlasting secrets
With yells and cries,
God gave harps of bodies to the hand of Souls.

All he wants
Is that different sounds come
From the strings of anger, love, greed,
Jealousy and necessity
To form new harmony.
That's His purpose.

How lucky is the one in the body's harp
That God has tuned,
Then put His arms around him to play.

He is the master of the earth's harps.
Pity to the harp that challenges Him,
Doesn't like Him and tries to be a better one.

Even the wind is a string of God's harp.
He praises those magical eyes with "wails."

Shems of Tebriz's drunken narcissus eyes
Are so much like the gazelle's eyes
That this gazelle hunts the lions.



63.

Verse 562

You frowned.
I wonder if the wine you drank wasn't good enough?
If the cupbearer wasn't the Sultan,
Was he a stranger?

You frowned because of the fear of evil eyes.
What kind of Joseph came?
Didn't he have struggles because of evil eyes?

Evil eyes hurt, but the end is always good.
As long as God protects, nothing can happen.

Be strong, don't be afraid of evil eyes.
Don't hide that peerless one whose face
Is as beautiful as the moon,
Who is not at the sign of Gemini.

The bitterness of love
In the heart of sweet brave ones,
Is wine, sugar halva,⁷² and kebob.⁷³

These words of food and wines
Are the images of the cross-eyed.
There is nothing but sea in that endless ocean.

You saw heat some times,
Harvest cold some times.
This cold and heat don't exist without God's order.

**Come to your senses, be silent.
While you are in silence, yell like the Soul.
As you see, there is no one talking
Among the silent ones around us.**



64.

Verse 570

A new decree of beauty
Came to the master of Beauty.
A new soul came to the rose, the rose garden.

O captivating beauty,
God will give you more new favors.
O bright charmer, have more glory after glory.

What is nicer than soul?
Even soul would be sacrificed
To the dirt on which you step.
What is more beautiful than the moon?
Even the moon disappears under your light.

Every living thing gives his soul to Your love.
Every new, fresh, rose garden
Expects help from Your gardens.

You said, "Existence is in Absence."
I don't deny that.
It is only natural, the thing which beautifully
Appears from Absence, returns to Absence.

This boredom grabbed the soul begging,
"Say something, say something."
Who has ever seen a man
Demanding an answer for nothing?



65.

Verse 576

My heart is a guide,
At the same time a brigand.
He is a hanger; everything hangs on him.
At the same time he mints the Sultan's gold
Shich is needed by everyone

My heart yells, saying, "I have been robbed."
At the same time he stages
A hold-up for the fool robbers.

My heart searches for thieves.
At the same time he robs at midnight like a thief.

My heart takes life like God's order,
At the same time he flutters like a bird
With its neck cut,
And yells, "O my God, O my God."



66.

Verse 580

My Soul became cheerful
When your eyes promised favors.
How naive is the person
Who believes the promise of a drunk.

When my good-hearted soul heard these words,
He became so happy, he put them right in his heart.

I am searching, sign by sign,
House by house, for that sun.
Where is the key He hid secretly from the neighbors?

I called his hair musk; they resented it.
The ones who resemble Hindu Indians
Have been routed.
He turned toward Turkistan.

I am not a sultan; I am the earth He steps on.
But He gave the name of sultan to the one
Who became earth under His feet.

First, I came to existence
From the sneeze of a lion.⁷⁴
Later, when he put the cat into a bag,
I became squeezed and turned upside down.

He said, "If you are the lion's cub,
Not a cat, tear the bag."

When He saw that I had torn the bag,
He said, "They slander you.
You are certainly not a cat."

The one who shines behind the seven skies is
Shems of Tebriz.
In short, he gave a brand new light
To the four pillars of the universe.



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67.

Verse 589

Mind is a bondage to lovers
And the ones on the journey, O Son.
The road is clear, obvious,
If you break your ties, O Son.

Mind is an impediment, heart is a deception,
Soul is a curtain, body is coarse.
The road is hidden
Because of all this heaviness, O Son.

If you give up mind, Soul and heart,
When you leave them behind, it is possible
To reach total understanding
And see your way clearly, O Son.

Man who has not gone beyond himself
Is not the man.
Love, if it is not from the Soul,
Is only a fable, O Son.

Make your chest, your heart
A target for the arrow of His order.
Know this well: That arrow is in His tight bow.

There are hundreds of signs on the face
Of a person whose heart has been wounded
By His arrows, O Son.

Even if you climb the seventh layer of sky
Like Enoch,
Be sure that the Beloved's love
Is the strongest ladder, O Son.

Wherever there is a caravan
Of courteous, graceful ones,
Pay attention. He is the caravan master, O Son.

His love casts a shadow to earth like a roof.
Love is His hunter in the sky, O Son.

Love doesn't need my interpretation
Nor hundreds like me.
When Love tells the truth,
It has hundreds of interpreters, O Son.

Don't ask for love from me nor from anyone else.
Ask it from Love.
Once love comes to talk, it scatters pearls, O Son.

Love is not the business of delicate people
Who fall asleep at the gathering.
Love is for brave ones, for wrestlers, O Son.

The one who is a servant,
A slave to lovers and truth is the Sultan,
The Sultan of Sultans,
Lord of a fortunate conjunction, O Son.

**This world which is full of deceits and tricks,
Shouldn't keep you away from love.
Know this well: This disloyal world
Will run away from you, O Son.**

**The verses of this gazell didn't fit each other,
But even if the curtains are changed,
The meaning is the same, O Son.**



68.

Verse 604

Please excuse me, my Beauty, I am bad.
How could my nature get better
Without Your beautiful face?

I am like winter without You.
People suffer because of me.
I become a rose garden with You, I turn into spring.

Without You, my heart is broken, bored with life.
I am ashamed of mind,
Yet mind is ashamed in front of Your face.

What is the remedy to turbid, putrid water?
Merge it with the river.
What is the cure for a bad temper?
To see the face of the Beloved again.

I see the water of Soul is trapped
In this body's whirlpool.
I will dig the ground
And open channels to the ocean.

You have a secret wine that
You offer to desperate ones.
The yells and wails of those anticipating ones
Rise to the sky.

O Heart, don't take your eyes
Away from the Beloved.
It doesn't matter if He holds you in His arms
Or sneaks off from you.



69.⁷⁵

Verse 4227

I am tired, Master, I am in darkness.
You are in bright morning, shining.
I have trouble with this everlasting night.
I want to run away, but where?

My night stretched its arms
And reached the shirt of morning, doesn't let go.
Night is a place to run,
But there is no corner to take refuge.

Bless us at the day of Union, O our God.
Have mercy on us, then dress us with that mercy.

All our troubles and fights
Are the result of our bodies.
What a beautiful garden there is
Beyond this wall, O our God.

Our God, remove this wall
So the difficulty will disappear.
Our God, we are really ashamed.
We are asking Your forgiveness.



70.

Verse 616

Every night when I embrace myself,
I find my Beloved's smell on me.

I went to Love's garden yesterday.
I had the urge to see Him.
The exuberance of His love
Came like rivers from my eyes.

Every smiling rose grown by the side of that river
Is free from the thorn of existence,
Safe from Zulfekaar.⁷⁶

Every tree, every blade of grass
Was moving at the meadow,
But ordinary people were unable to see them.

Suddenly our cypress-statured One
Came from somewhere.
The garden went into ecstasy,
Maples started clapping their hands.

His face is like fire.
His nature, his wine are like fire.
The soul is shaken and confused by these fires,
Yelling and asking, "Where shall I go, where?"

In the world of God's Union
There is no room for numbers.
Numbers are a product
Of the four elements and five senses.

You can touch,
Count a hundred thousand sweet apples,
But if you want to make them one,
You must squeeze them.

A hundred thousand grapes are formed
Divided with their skin.
When they are crushed, God's wine appears.

Pay attention to words that appear in the heart
Without counting the alphabet.
Where are they coming from?
They dress in forms and shapes from the One
Who puts everything in order.

Shems of Tebriz has a seat at the throne,
Like the Sultan.
My poems are like choice slaves
Standing in rows in front of him.



71.

Verse 627

One lover became angry at his beloved,
Like he was the Beloved.
One yazmaci⁷⁷ became angry at the mighty Sun.

That yazmaci was the poorest among all yazmacis.
That Sun was the only sun of all countries.

“That’s what all yasmacis do” the Sun said,
And hid his face with a cloud,
Saying, “Now see what you can do.”

“If the yazmaci doesn’t smile,
I won’t get out of the cloud,
I won’t have any peace
If he doesn’t cheer up.” said the Sun.

In order to make the rest of the yazmacis understand
That particular yasmaci
Was the reason for all this,
The yazmacis stayed in the cold, row by row.

The one who is in love
With the Sun with heart and Soul,
Should not lift his head from the ground
Where that unique yazmaci stands.

Let me tell you who that yazmaci is.
He is the one and only Shems of Tebriz.
The Sun who comes from everywhere
And enlightens everything rises only for him.



Verse 634

You must be contemplating leaving here
 Like a life that came,
 Then passed with all its sweetness.
 But remember,
 You put the saddle on the horse of separation.
 Remember.

You may find clean-hearted friends on earth;
 They grow from the ground like grass, also in the sky.
 But first you made an oath with an old friend,
 Remember.

I may have failed in my duties toward you.
 You are probably angry with me. It is possible.
 O friend, who doesn't hold a grudge,
 Remember the nights we spent together.

Remember the nights
 When the circle of the moon became a cushion?
 You made our knees like pillows.
 Remember.

I have fallen for your charm, digging a tunnel
 Through the mountain of Separation, like Ferhad.⁷⁹
 O Beautiful, to whom
 Hundreds of Husrev and Shirins⁸⁰
 Became slaves and servants,
 Remember.

Remember how you watched the valley
Which is filled with branches of saffron and roses
Next to the sea made by my crying eyes.
Remember that.

My fiery praying is ascending to the sky.
The Archangel Gabriel says "Amen, Amen,"
Next to the throne of God.
Remember.

O, Shems of Tebriz,
My religion is love since I saw your face.
Your face is a face that religion praises.
Remember.



73.

Verse 642

Greetings, O immortal Soul,
Sultan who attained his desire,
O One who gives soul to every victorious Monarch,
The beauty who became the Sun to every country.

This and the other world
Are both a slave and servant to Your order.
If You don't want this,
Hit them with each other, break them to pieces.
If you want, protect them and make them flourish.

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Send the sun of the land of Absence light
To the world of existence.
Make everybody indifferent to Hell and Heaven.

Save the ones who are proud of poverty
From the fear of death.
Break the pictures and forms
For the sake of the painter.

From the soul of the brave
Who shed hundreds of thousands of people's blood,
Smoke comes with eternal fire.

The only one who understands
The secret of Your favor
Is the one who is totally annihilated from existence.

The one who sees smiles like heart
Shining like gold inside of fire
Will sacrifice his soul without hesitation.

You are the source of gold and pearl.
It is a shame for you to look
For alchemy in the world.

The body which is made
By earth turned in secret alchemy
Because of Shems of Tebriz
Shines that chemistry to their copper
So that they all become gold.



74.

Verse 651

My friend, raise your head
And look at my face
Which has become yellow like gold.
I gave my life, even that didn't throw
Too many arrows to the shield.

My lungs turned into porcupine
By the arrows thrown.
If your love has a heart,
It would be sorry for me.

I gave up heart;
Ask me whatever you want me to be.
If I say anything else, hit me on the mouth.

I am the slave of love's cupbearer.
I drank that wine of sorrow,
Fell down in a corner, drunk.
I gave up good and bad, kept sleeping.

When sorrow comes, I tell him that
The one who suffered through is not here.
You go to the bazaar and buy me a rebab.⁸¹



75.

Verse 656

A light, a brightness shone to the sky
From the Sema of lovers.
Tell the ones who deny Sema and music,
“You don’t believe that it is alright.”

The group that turns around the Sun
Fall in God’s share.
The others keep turning around
The extreme, cold winter.

One group of people, who have fallen in foul water,
Still carry divine dispositions
Even if they are with milk and honey.
The others are bitter and sad.

God’s people keep singing the tune:
“Absence, poverty is my praise
Until the day of resurrection.”⁸²
O poor ones, since you have wine,
Drink day and night.

Search for Absence and poverty in God’s light,
Not from rubbish.
If every stripped one was a good man,
Garlic would be the best one.

When you hear bird’s voices,
You flutter your wings.
If you really want to fly,
Free your feet from pitch.

Your mind is tied by the soul,
Your nature by bread.
There is confusion in your brain,
Your hands are smeared with dough.

O One who is aware of everything,
The time of companionship
Has arrived for mature ones.
The time for God's help is here.
The one who announces good news is here.

O young one,
You wasted your warmth somewhere else.
The one who is warm there dozes here.
The one who is all excited there
Has become short of breath here.

If you are hot, you will fall in the cold.
If you are cold, you will warm up.
If you reached the warmth there,
Inevitably, you'll be cold here.

But, even then, don't be desperate.
There is no limit to God's heat.
Hell is a particle in front of His Sun.

It is enough, you've said enough.
Be silent.
Pull the wishers to yourself like a magnet.



76.

Verse 668

What's the use of seeing hundreds of worlds
If I don't see your face?
What's the use, even if I hear the secret of secrets,
If you are not mentioned, if your word is not there?

Neither Adam saw you in his dream
Nor his family and relations.
Whom shall I ask about your beauty?
Even if I ask everybody, who will be able to tell?

O One who is hidden from the eyes,
Suppose I am in heaven forever with houris
And have good fortune.
What could I do there if I don't meet You?

If I don't see your sweet anger every moment,
Tolerate your honey-like whims,
What's the use of being spoiled
By the Sultan of meaning?

As long as the cloud of separation
Covers your moon face,
Even if pearls and jewels rain from that cloud,
There is no gain for me.

For drunks, the candle and Beloved
Are all your face.
Since I don't see your face,
If everywhere is filled with hundreds of jars of wine,
What's the use for me?

Alas, if Hizir sees your face without me,
But if he doesn't see Your face,
Even if he drinks the water of life, it doesn't matter.
What's the use for him?

This old wicked witch, this world,
Will be passing away one day.
What can I do with his throne,
Fortune and treasures,
Even if they give them all to me?

The souls of truth were thrown,
Scattered your way at the moment
That has no beginning to its beginning.
If I don't see Your face,
Even if I gathered all these wedding gifts,
What could I do with them?

If the saint of soul's Egypt
Buys a sugar-lipped Joseph every second day,
If he doesn't see Your face, what's the use of it?

A spark comes from the strike of flint to iron
By my troubles every moment.
I don't care if it thunders and lightnings
If your spark doesn't come.

Make a guest of this crazy, insane one
Some evening to that chain.
What's the good if he doesn't
Touch and scatter your hair,
Even if he is all over?

If the whole world talks against me
Because of your love, I don't care.
What would happen if hundreds of lies,
Hundreds of slanders were spoken for one truth?

If there is anyone who is more oppressed
By your separation of two worlds, I am.
Let's assume that the oppressor is crying
For your victim of cruelty.
What would that do?

O Shems of Tebriz,
If I don't talk about the dogs on the street,
Let's assume I praise lions of earth.
What would that do?



77.

Verse 683

If the lion of love wants to drink our blood,
We let him drink.
If I give a new soul every moment,
What is the value of soul?

I'll tell you a secret now:
After you became wine, I drank wine fearlessly.
Somebody will come
And pick up my turban and my shoes.
Let him do it.

If I say, "You are sober. You have just shown up
Among all this lightning
Which flashes through if you show up,"
What are you going to lose?

There is the decree of eternity in the hand of my Soul.
Even if my appearance
Is as fragile as if it lasts only today and tomorrow,
Even if I die, my soul is healthy.

You keep asking for the sea from God,
But you are a snake dragging itself on the ground.
If you get the sea, what will you do with it?

You crush the grapes,
Then think you are mortifying yourself.
If you don't drink the wine,
What's the use of crushing grapes?

You say of clean-hearted Sufis,
"They drink old sedimented wine."
They have their own wine.
It doesn't matter if you think it is old turbid wine.

The flower who drinks our wine
But still doesn't smile at its branch
Is considered to be withered.

O Shems of Tebriz, you are the sun.
One cannot get light without you.
If you are not around there will be night on earth.
What will we gain by counting the stars?



78.

Verse 692

Qplayer, since you became the doorkeeper
For the Sultan's temple,
Don't sing any tune,
Except the tune of the Sultan.

The heart of God's slaves are very content.
The sign of their servitude never becomes obvious.
Their blood won't become coagulated,
Their wines don't give headaches.

The eyes of the one who is free from all bondage
Can see people as well as God.
He stays sway from people, yet still controls them all.

He enlightens the world like the Sun;
His head is at the height of the sky;
He is the key of eight heavens;
He is beyond the five senses and four elements.

The one who worships prostrates in front of him;
So does the one who doesn't worship.
Barren lands become green for him;
So do the gardens and meadows.



79.

Verse 697

Beloved, you offer favors with your lips.
I wish for them to be eternal.
He is made by kindness,
O my God, You make him eternal.

Your Moon has made
So many favors for dark evenings.
O God of days and nights, make him permanent.

There are stages on the journey of Soul.
My God, don't stop him from this journey.

The student of Soul became teacher
Of the teacher at his school.
My God, don't keep this student out of school.

The army of religion
Is illuminated by Shems of Tebriz.
My God, may his procession be permanent.



80.

Verse 702

If I see that one somewhere alone,
I will give a long kiss.

I have done so many sneaky things.
Even so, I want the kiss of that Hitay⁸³ Turk's lips.

Fate has yet to see
The steady harmony of man and wife.
Wouldn't it be nice if he sees it, just once?

Remove all these strangers
So I can embrace that acquaintance.

I will hold the hand of that one,
Bring that one to the middle for the dance.

What a happy day is that day
When I will unbutton that one's dress
And take that one in my arms.

Body has been melted down
By the separation of Shems of Tebriz
In order to add Soul to souls.



81.

Verse 709

You keep giving your life for lust, like animals.
Yet you only give grass to your soul, and
Even that you do with difficulty.

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You keep borrowing from bad people.
You borrow ten,
With the condition of repaying fourteen.
O one who has lost his peace,
The decisions you are after are food and women.

The one who carries the basket
Carries the food from one stokehole to the other,
The one who carries the coffin
Picks up your beauty and drags it to the cemetery,

Your food becomes rotten, your beauty passes away.
You stay between two deaths.
You wouldn't even be disgusted with that.

Close your eyes that see the world;
Open your other eyes.
See the end of everything that brightens your eye.



82.

Verse 714

☪ morning breeze,
Bring a smell from Shemseddin's face to us.
Take the musk of Hutē⁸⁴ from China
And bring it to Constantinople.⁸⁵

Tell us if there was a greeting from his sweet lips.
Tell us if there was news from his stone heart.

What is the head to be sacrificed for Shemseddin?
I will be scattered under his feet.
Mention the name of Shemseddin
And I will give my life.

My heart has been dressed auspiciously⁸⁶
By his love.
My upper dresses are the beauty of Shemseddin,
My under dresses are his love.

We are drunk from the smell of Shemseddin.
We are drunk from Shemseddin's glass.
Give us the wine cupbearer.

Our nose is full of Shemseddin's smell.
We gave up aloe wood, amber and
The musk that comes from the land of Tartar.

Shemseddin stays in the heart.
Shemseddin talks with the Soul.
Shemseddin is a peerless pearl.
Shemseddin is cash in the hand.

I am not the only one who cries,
"Shemseddin, Shemseddin."
The nightingales in the garden
And the partridge on the mountain
Are looking for him.

The beauty of beautifuls is Shemseddin.
The garden of heaven is Shemseddin.
The apple of the human eye is Shemseddin.
The praise of great men is also Shemseddin.

Bright day is Shemseddin,
Shining moon is Shemseddin,
The pearl in the shell is Shemseddin.
Day and night is Shemseddin.

The glass of Jemshid⁸⁷ is Shemseddin.
The endless ocean is Shemseddin.
The breath of Jesus is Shemseddin.
Joseph's face is Shemseddin.

I pray to God wholeheartedly,
To enter the Kingdom with him.
Soul is in the middle,
Shemseddin is in our arms.

Shemseddin is more beautiful than Soul.
The land of sugar and honey is Shemseddin,
The walking cypress is Shemseddin.
The garden and meadow in spring are all
Shemseddin.

The wine appetizer is Shemseddin.
Wine and drunkenness is Shemseddin.
Fire and light is Shemseddin.

This is not the drunkenness
Which gives trouble, sorrow and regret.
Drunkenness which comes from Shemseddin
Adds more pride to the pride of man.

O guide of lovers, O Prophet of lovers,
O Shems of Tebriz, come,
Never pull your hand away from us.



83.

Verse 730

That Beloved started to grumble with anger.
Shouts of "Come on, come on,"
Are coming from the land of Absence..
Where shall I run?

There are a hundred thousand flames,
A hundred thousand torches at the door.
Who is at the door? I am at the door.
Where shall I run?

I am the one asking,
"Who is at the door?" from inside.
Also, I am the one who comes
To the door and steals the doorknob.
Where shall I run?

Who even thinks I am divided, he splits in half,
Has died with his grief?
But if I am one, I am water and oil at the same time.
Where shall I run?

How can I be one?
My hair is like a hundred thousand dark universes.
But, how can I be two? I am exposed like the moon.
Where shall I run?

How long will you search for me
Like a garment's thief around the house?
Look at the thief
Sticking his head through my window.
Where shall I run?

I take my head out from every hole in this cage,
Flying to the land of Union.
Where shall I run?

My body has been burned with love,
But my head is out of this cage all the time.
Where shall I run?

I became drunk with my own words;
Without the wine of God's Sun of Tebriz
I am a nightingale, parrot, iris, all at the same time.
Where shall I run?



84.

Verse 739

The Beloved's love shows a parade to lovers.
Dead ones are the riders,
The alive are on foot, there.

The cheek of your face turned into a battlefield.
Listen and hear; look and see.
The eyes of lovers open so many wounds.

O Sun, be ashamed, go behind the cloud.
O bright Moon, beware of that face.

When you come to the camp of love,
Borrow a pair of eyes.
Then pay all those debts with one look.

There is no other remedy for the eye
Besides the drunkenness of soul's wine.
Where can you drink this wine?
From those sleepy eyes.

If your leg is lame,
What's the use of all these bangles?
If your ear is deaf,
What's the use of a hundred earrings?

What's the use if you grabbed the staff of Moses?
What's the use if you pull Zulfekaar?⁸⁸
You must have Ali's arm to pull and use that.

Don't steal Jesus' salve.
Hold His hand, learn from him.
That's what His hand can do.

If you cannot reach there,
If you cannot see the boundaries of that side,
Look carefully, but not with critical eyes.
Look with shy eyes.

Such a sea is overflowing there
With favors and kindness.
I don't know if I call this Shems of Tebriz
Or the Beauty of God.



85.

Verse 749

Şugarcane is the only thing
You could serve those lips.
Husrev is the only one who could drink
Honey and sugar from those sweet lips.

Love is such a sea that it is filled
With waves of mercy.
It sends clouds to the earth, rains pearls.

O soul, carry hundreds of greetings from drunks,
Announce their worship.
O silver-bodied one, offer the gold cup,
Take away our silver.

You are behind the person
Whose back is broken by grief and suffering.
You are the water of the person
Who hasn't had a drop of water.

The bread of heart,
Burned by your love's fire, is baked.
The one who became upside down by you
Is at the top of everyone else.

They are not like a big double-face,
Double-edged knife for this love
For that reason,
They saved their heads from the butcher of death.

Offer wine, O love, for the life of your sons.
Make these thoughts disappear
With that sweet wine.

You gave to the gathering generously yesterday.
O cupbearer, who gives more and more everyday,
Offer wine to us today.

Enough. Play other tunes so people won't get bored.
Fly from one garden to the other
So you can show the gratitude of your wings.



86.

Verse 759

Cupbearer, people are away,
Far away from our wine.
They are far, far away from that beauty.

You are too old to enjoy and have fun.
You are far away from our old, vintage wine.

Even the ones with eyes
Can't see the color of our wine.
How would a blind one be able to see that wine?

Since his soul couldn't understand
The judge's open, clear statement,
For sure, his heart
Won't make anything of sign language.

Until the sword of God's Shems cuts your Zunnar,
Your soul will be away from that favor,
That idol to be worshipped.

As long as your soul goes after bread,
You will have a hard time
Seeing the face of that charmer.

You used to be at the head of the table
In the assembly of the sultan,
But if you mix with this crowd now,
You will be far away from the circle.

You have heard of Moses' closeness
To Mount Sinai and the Glory of God,
But that Mount Sinai is so far away
From the temple of Hizir.

The sky looks so big to you,
But it is nothing compared to His Majesty.

O lazy one, either get busy or leave our assembly,
Or don't stay away from us so long.

O player of lovers, please play that tune.
Because the sound of a shrill pipe
Is away from deaf ears.



87.

Verse 767

The Chinese mirror is for you.
The night-blinded negro
Has nothing to do with that.
Someone who was born deaf
Has nothing to do with a shrill pipe.

How could an immoral man
Put out the coyness of the beloved?
How could a new-born baby
Appreciate red wine?

Venus has put henna on his hands.
How could he do knighthood?
What has land's bird to do
With the wave and roaring of the sea?

Have you ascended to the sky that you say,
"Jesus didn't get a smell from the divine."
The person who is the joke for everybody
Can't climb to the heights, O Muslims.

We are a bunch of rinds⁸⁹
At the corner of the tavern of Absence.
O merchant, we have nothing to do with
Money, dowry, or garments.

We have gone beyond insanity,
Took a journey of a hundred thousand years.
Your mind is full of Plato. Go away.
What do you have to do with us?

You are coming in front of a brigand
With this mind, with this heart.
There is no place for a coward merchant
In this kind of fight.

There is a sword's cut, a spear's wound there.
There is no room for shapely-legged, delicate women.

Even Rustem⁹⁰ is smeared with blood today.
What business is there for feeble, old men there?

There is no other business for lovers
But to be wounded.
They love to get hurt.
Pleasure seekers have no room there.

How amazing it is that lovers are alive
To the extent of their extinction.
God forbid, there is no room for death
At the land of immortality.

This Love's drunk went to Tebriz
Following the air of Shemseddin.
There he heard, "Come on now,
What are you doing here?"

Those words are coming to soul
Beyond the two worlds.
"What do you have to do,
Greatest of the great, immortal Shemseddin?"



88.

Verse 782

Yesterday, you filled your stomach with
All kinds of bread and meals.
You became so sluggish, so sleepy.
You have found that for which you were looking.

What will come after such indulgence?
Either heedlessness or
Needing to go to the restroom.
Who are the friends of eggplant?
Either garlic or vinegar.

My God, feed the Soul with your clean sustenance
So he won't eat every morsel like dirty dogs.

Moans and mourning
Come from the soul while fasting.
The only sound that comes after a meal
Is a low-pitched sound from the bottom end.

Friend, if you want to hear from the Soul,
Burn, suffer, cut out the meal.
If you want to hear from the other end,
Bring the bowl closer to you.



89.

Verse 787

The Sultan, time by time was
Coming out from and going back to the curtain.
He went back and forth eight times in that manner.

In one moment he was catching the heart of outsiders.
The next moment, he was snatching the mind
Of insiders and making them idle, totally confused.

A book has been opened
From the absolute spell in front of his eyes.
The heart of every restless lover
Has shivered and trembled with his coyness.

In one moment, his passion was making
A picture at the tip of his pencil,
The next moment, the shrill pipe of his love
Was confusing the mind and making stone out of it.

When night came,
He lit a candle from the fire of his cheek,
For hundreds of moths to turn around.

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At midnight, all the drunks passed out.
We are the only ones left with night,
The candle and wine and the beloved.

Our beings were sleeping.
There was no barrier between us.
His being was sleeping with ours, arm to arm.

Our being was longing for His being like early dawn.
Suddenly, our being came like a shadow
And the Beloved's being left for the outside.

Even Shems of Tebriz is gone,
But sparks of his face are spreading lights
To the talented everywhere.



90.

Verse 796

How lucky for you that a message comes
To your heart in this world.
How lucky for you that a honey, a sugar,
Appears in your heart.

My God, save us
From being these two kinds of sweepers.
You turn me from side to side
Without my knowledge, like Ashab-i Kehij.⁹¹

Sorrow is the shadow of joy, it runs after joy.
Leave joy, because those two
Will never be separated.

Night comes after day,
Sorrow comes after joy.
If you see the day, for sure
You cannot get away from night.

If you run after sorrow, joy will run after you.
But if you go behind joy,
Grief will meet you at the corner.

Give up understanding, also illusion.
Destroy good and bad, finish with wet and dry.
For that reason, think about the alligator
Which pulls us to him and assimilates us.

Fire will attract him
Like the candles of nahil⁹² makers.
The paper which is full of color and figures
Will be dropped in water and be gone.



91.

Verse 803

If you are not already insane, crazy,
Go, make yourself crazy, insane.
You have been defeated a hundred times,
But play backgammon one more time.
Roll the dice.

You have turned into a single string for his plectrum,
But take pains, strike once more.
You are wounded by the claw of the falcon,
But fly again, fly to this side, O bird.

So many times you have lost your house,
Turning around the city.
If you lose it once more, hire a guide this time.

You made a piece of wood like a horse for yourself.
“This is my horse,” you said.
If it is a horse, why don’t you try to ride one stage?

You don’t hear God’s calling,
But you set yourself for praying.
Aren’t you ashamed for praying
Without worship, O brother.

Since you don’t show complete submission,
How can you save your head from God’s sword?
How can you smell amber?
You are garlic, you are onion.

**If Shems of Tebriz
Kindly accepts your supplication,
Go and sit at the throne for coyness.**



92.

Verse 810

The beloved's love that caresses lovers,
Compliments them, came to his home.
There is a strange fancy in the mind of love
To form a shape that will destroy all other shapes.

You come to your home,
O Love, come in, welcome.
Enter from the doors of heart,
Walk toward the temple of soul.

Every particle of my body
Is in love with Your sun.
Look carefully. Particles
Have lots of business to do with the Sun.

Look at these particles in front of the window.
They are dancing so beautifully in the air.
Whoever chooses the Sun as Kible,
His worship will be like that.

These particles keep dancing Sema
Like Sufis in the sun's light.
But with what kind of music,
Beat or instrument will they do Sema?
Nobody knows.

There is a different melody in each heart,
A different beat.

The ones who are dancing are obvious,
But the player is secret.

The most important is our inner Sema.
Particles of our body are dancing
With hundreds of different rhythms and grace.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You are Sultan to the Sultan of Soul.
You are Mahmud, but there is no Eyaz like me.⁹³



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93.

Verse 818

I bring the one who was outside the world,
To the world.

I bring the one who draws back,
Sneaks off to the center.

I showed such grace, such charm
To the most graceful, the most charming that
I brought the one who avoids me to the flock.

I frustrate the one
Who complains to me, to the soul every morning.
I give him complaint after complaint,
Fight after fight,
Make him disgusted with soul.

I brought the soul who was confused
And lost in the desert of separation
To the land of safety.

Soul, if you don't show evidence of my invitation,
Where is the imperial edict?
Where is the seal of the sultan?
He said, "I brought the decree to him."

I caught the robber, tied his hands,
Brought him to the temple of merciful Soul.
That is mercy, that is love.

One part of the Prophet Mohammed's dress
Touched my hand so I was able to bring
The one who is at the bottom of hell to heaven.



94.

Verse 825

Cupbearer, you came early. Offer wine.
You are the cupbearer of the crazy, insane ones.
Be crazy and insane like the wine.

Fill the glass up to the rim and offer it to us.
Afterward, either you stay and be good to us
Or walk away, be a stranger.

When you become a stranger to yourself,
You are the absolute one then.
Say to anyone who is afraid of this place,
“Go home, stay there.
There is nothing for you here.”

There is no way to reach the sea
For the pearl inside of the shell.
If you have to go to the sea,
Become a pearl without a shell.

Yell to the flood so it can put its mind to its head,
It shouldn't be confused.
Scare the candle, say, “O candle, turn into a moth.”

Remove everything from the skull,
Then say, “O lucky head, go ahead
And be a cup for the wine of love.”

O immortal, auspicious bird,
Your nest is love.
Hold love firmly so you will settle in that nest.



95.

Verse 832

Ⓢ Senayi,⁹⁴ if you don't come,
Stay in your business.
Everybody has a job in this world.
You'll be occupied on your job.

Everybody in this caravan stops the caravan
To steal their own goods and property.
You stay at the back, protect your goods.

They give temporary beauty,
They buy temporary love.
Why don't you cross those dry creeks
And be your own river.

These friends hold your hand
And pull you to nowhere.
Take your hand back, return to yourself.

These beautiful ones are pictures on a screen,
Hiding the Beauty in the heart.
Lift the screen, go inside.
Stay alone with your Beloved.

Stay with your own beauty,
Be beautified by that.
Think beautiful things.
Give up both worlds.
Remain in your land.

Don't get drunk with the wine that increases Self.
See that beautiful face,
Put your mind in your head.



96.

Verse 839

For the wise, the candle and Beloved
Are not outside of their hearts.
They don't drink grape juice;
Their wine is their blood.

In the world, everybody is a Mecnum for one Leyla.
For Sages, they are Mecnun, at the same time
They are Leyla for themselves.

One moment you become a scale to someone,
The next you are weighed on the other's scale.
From now on you become your own scale
And measure up.

If you exile the Pharoah of Self
From the Egypt of body,
You will see Moses and the Harun⁹⁵
At the house of your heart.

You tied a terrible weight on the foot of your soul.
You are sinking deeper with your Karun⁹⁶ every day.

I saw a dolphin sitting at the coast of heart's sea.
I said, "How do you do?"
He answered me this way:

I was inside of a fish like food.
I bent myself like the letter "Nun,"⁹⁷
Then became "Zun-nun"⁹⁸ to myself.

Don't ask me, "How are you?" anymore.
Forget the quality and quantity.
How can you ask these questions of the one
Who has become his own being
Without quality or quantity?

The one who is depressed, drink wine.
Our heart is better than wine.
Go, O cupbearer, offer your opium
To the prisoners of sorrow.

Our blood is forbidden to sorrow.
But shedding sorrow's blood is permissible for us.
The sorrow that turns around us bleeds itself.

Wine turns the face of people who are sick
From sorrow and grief to a rose color.
Our face is already nice.
Rose-colored skin is enough for us.

I am not waiting for the sound
Of the trumpet, like death, to come back to life.
Love gave me a new life every moment
With his breath.

They say green satin and silk dresses
Will be given in heaven.
Bracelets will be put on the ankles.
Love is giving me all, today.

I saw an astrologer yesterday,
He told me, "You have good luck."
I said, "You are right."
This comes from my rising, full moon.

Who is this Moon in front of our beauty,
Whose face is more beautiful than the moon?
The biggest unlucky star will change
Into the biggest lucky star with his charm and beauty.



97.

Verse 854

Come inside, O Source of the source of joys.
Be happy, be cheerful.
Flow in, O Water of Life
Of the water of life. Be happy, be cheerful.

If life sees you, it won't die until the last day.
If death sees you, it will know you are life.
Be happy, be cheerful.

Keep giving that divine wine like that,
So we will go out of hand, out of ourselves.
You know the rest of it: Be happy, be cheerful.

Here is the trace of the wound
You opened in our earth.
O trace, live cheerfully, O marksman, be happy.

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O stately bird, your shadow gave wings to Kafdagi.
O beautiful-faced, stately bird of that world,
Be happy, be cheerful.

You are hard-working,
At the same time, delicate and graceful.
You are the candle, you are the wine.
You are secret, at the same time, obvious.
Be happy, be cheerful.

You are bringing the gift
Of that world every moment.
Bring, bring, you are bringing so many.
Be happy, be cheerful.

The Souls of drunks are carrying
Their belongings to your side.
How beautifully you are pulling them,
Be happy, be cheerful.

O the One who makes the earth merry and cheerful,
O the One who makes the earth
A treasure from end to end,
At last, earth tells you, "O brave of the sky,
Be happy, be cheerful."

If a charmer scratches the head
Of a beauty at your time,
They will cut a tuft of hair
And offer it to you as a gift.
Be happy, be cheerful.

O Shems of Tebriz,
You are the essence of humanity in this world.
The sea of meaning is puzzled when it sees you.
Be happy, be cheerful.



98.

Verse 865

Yesterday I went to the assembly of my Sultan,
I saw my soul in the jar of the Cupbearer.

“O One who became soul
To the Soul of the Cupbearer,
For God’s sake fill the glass,
Don’t forget your promise,” I told him.

He smiled nicely, “O kind one, I serve you well.
For the sake of my faith, believe, I do respect you.”

He brought a jar that shines like His face,
Full of wine.
He kissed it and handed it to me.

I prostrated in front of Him,
Then drank the wine to the last drop.
The wine spread fire from its stove to me.

He served me several glasses.
That red-golden wine took me
Into its crucible, to his mine.

I was lost in his rosy cheeks,
Then I saw my garden green.
Because of his hyacinth-like eyebrows,
I saw my bread well baked.

Fate attracts everybody to a different tavern.
Who am I?
I choose suffering for me.

I have seen Abu Lahab⁹⁹ there.
He was biting his hand,
And Abu Hurayra¹⁰⁰ had put his hand
In his leather bag.

Abu Lahab was lost in thought.
He was looking for evidence.
Yet for Abu Hurayra, he was his own evidence.

Every jar doesn't deserve this wine.
You close this one so the Cupbearer
Will bring a new jar from his tavern.

I'll be silent.
That master of assembly would tell you
Hundreds of legends from his secret council.



99.

Verse 877

If a hangover gives a headache to love,
The Cupbearer of love's wine will come to help.

If the drum of cheer scatters the army of lovers,
The shrill pipe of love will blow
The good news of "Really we open, we conquered."

The poison in the mouth of lovers becomes honey
By the sugars which come from love.

Sometimes a cloud comes, covers the moon.
But the lightning of love suddenly burns the cloud.

You see, that Love's waterman yells like thunder
At the road to the desert, in the hot sands.

Cupbearer, for your sake,
Pour a jar of wine to the people,
Or call these people to great love.

If Shems of Tebriz appears from the vault of heaven,
Waves will rise and overflow in the sea of love.



100.

Verse 884

Is it love which excites,
Then makes the drunk peerless,
Or the melody which he brings from the harp?
Is a smokeless fire amazing, or my face
Which changes from one color to another?

What is the relation of that pale face with lightning?
The heart has been bored and tired,
Has nothing to do with bales of sugar.

The moon has settled down at the throne of heart
For the planet Jupiter.
Hundred of thousands of souls
Have been confused around His throne.

Souls that resemble Mount Sinai
Have fallen in his love.
Soul is flashing in that mountain
For his ruby lips.

Choose his love's luster so all the dirt and rust
Will be cleansed from your mirror.



101.

Verse 889

Hundreds of thousands like us
Have been submerged in the sea of heart.
What will happen at the end?
Alas, Heart; pity heart.

You asked for mercy; He doesn't have any.
He grabbed the Soul and pulled him from this mud
To the highest level of Heart.

There are people, all kinds of them.
Some climbed up on the hill,
Others got stuck in this hole.
Why is that? Because of the fights of the heart.

Heart is the ocean of soul or Noah's ark.
It becomes exuberant,
Overflows with the warm wave of blood.

Look at the exuberance of the wine drinker,
Watch the light of the silent ones,
The one who died in front of the feet of Heart,
Turned totally into Head.

O Beautiful one
Of whom the moon and Jupiter are jealous,
You are flying around us.
O the Kafdag of Heart, O Phoenix of Heart,
You come to snatch the heart.

O Soul, he is confused, even if he has wings.
Have you found your rules
Deserve the love of heart?



102.¹⁰¹

Verse 896

⓪ Charmer, who is peerless with beauty,
You submerge me in grief and tears.
You affected me like a quake with love,
My mind keeps shaking.

We come back from Mount Sinai to this side.
Look at us, look.
We are watering you with clean pure water.

Anything which comes from You
Is tasty and clean.
Everywhere is clean and neat because of You.
That's what you call "Sihri Helal."¹⁰²



Verse 899

O bright new Moon,
 You submerged me in grief and tears.
 You affected me with quakes,
 My mind is still shaking.

I said, so many times, "Look at us,
 We want to be enlightened by Your light."
 We returned from Mount Sinai
 Where greatness was shining, came to this side.

Who has seen a light that became a friend to men,
 Filled the earth with love?
 Goodness comes to a friend from that light,
 Grief and sorrows to enemies.

Everything which comes from Him is all true.
 We deserve Him, He has command.
 All the diseases, worries and sorrows
 Are alleviated by His kindness.

Whoever has complained
 About a locked door has found the key.
 Whoever has complained about thirst has had
 Clean, pure water offered to him.

Naturally, all the names you mentioned
 Were given for a purpose. They are all real.
 The only illusion is the deceit of this world.

The bazaars of ardent yearning
Where profit and trade have been increased
Are such nice bazaars.
The light which looks like a moon under the sun
Is such a nice light.

It is not for you to fall in love and not sleep
For even one night.
So many images appear at night,
The brave ones of night know that.

O Lover, rise, talk.
The ones who are lovers don't sleep.
O dozing one, wake up,
The brides become more beautiful.

Such good luck has become a neighbor to us.
Give good news to neighbors.
The noise and clamor of that neighbor
Offers wing to the bird of Soul.



104.

Verse 909

We made feet out of our heads,
Then passed the river.
We incite the whole world against each other,
Then jump out of the world.

Love's burak¹⁰⁴ under us was burak of the throne.
We jumped on, reached the sky.

We broke the boundaries of time and space,
Rode to the timeless, spaceless Sultan's throne.

Man's understanding, illusion and mind
Have been scattered on the road,
Because we surpassed the boundary
Of six dimensions which surrounds mankind.

At the first stage, a sea appeared full of blood.
We passed through,
Stepping over the waves with our bloody feet.

When we arrived at the border
Where Leyla and Mecnun were,
Our horse became unruly.
We couldn't control it, passed the border of Mecnun.

The Self, who resembles Kaarun,¹⁰⁵
Perished by our efforts.
After that, we rode to the treasure of Kaarun bravely.

If desert and prairie found even
A trace of the road we opened with his light,
Both of them would come back to life.

We crushed under the stones
So many valuable shells
Until we reached the hidden treasures of pearls.

The lion of Soul has been a moth
To the candle of Shems of Tebriz
From the beginning.
Don't think we just started wondering about him.



105.

Verse 919

It is time for me to break the oath, tear the ties.
It is time to forget all advice.

I will untie the knots of fate
That bind man tightly, one by one.
I will cut them like the sword of death.

I will put the cotton of “pay no attention”
To both ears of the heart.
I won’t sit and listen to advice, I will tear all bonds.

I will break the seal from the lock
And enter the reed bed, pick a branch.
I will scatter those sugars around.

How long will I beware from this one or the other?
I should be ashamed from love.
When will I rise to the top of daily worries,
Forget all of them and reach peace and comfort?



106.

Verse 924

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The Cupbearer who filled
The glass with night's wine came suddenly.
Drink the wine of immortality,
Give up all kinds of eating and drinking.

Be satiated without eating.
Hear without ears.
Talk without an alphabet.
Be silent, words are finished.

O lovers, be purified, be beautified,
Drink our glass, be drunk.
Mount the ride of greatness, plunge into the crowd.

"Bestir yourselves, get up" Tellal¹⁰⁶ yelled.
"Alright," he said, "Where are the heroes?
The Tellal of resurrection came to you with love.
How nice to rise now."

Drink, it may do you good.
Cheer afterword, sing, play;
It is permissible for you.
Today is a Holy day, greet each other.

Follow us, follow us to the road of union.
We are like a river;
He is the One who separated us canal by canal.

O my friend, run a river like Selselut.¹⁰⁷

Rise O young ones.

We'll open heavens from hearts.



107.¹⁰⁸

Verse 931

The soul of the assembly is coming to assembly
Step by step, swaying.
The sun is shining on his forehead,
There is a wine glass in his right hand.

If we take advantage, our fortune is coming.
O mature one, don't fall in the trap of cheap promises.

God's help that has been called upon has arrived,
Saying, "Really O my great ones,
Come and join the other greats."

God is calling you, really,
Get out of those narrow places.
Really, the place we meet is Masar-al-Haram.¹⁰⁹

What He means from that is:
Quickly pass through your Being,
Leave your Self behind.
Otherwise, you'll be tied
With a new tie every moment,
You will fall in a new trap every second.

Where do we arrive
When we pass through existence? Absence.
Absence is meaning.
Existence is nothing but name and fame.

**You are a name that is unified with the owner.
The name is the sheath.
The owner of the name is like a sword.**

**O One who is the purest of the pure inside,
The lowest of the low in appearance,
Enter the assembly of the pure
That separates pure love from the foul.**



Verse 939

We returned from your Mount Sinai,
We returned.
Look at us. Look at us
So we will be enlightened by Your light.

One who wants to have wealth
Will take advantage of your generosity.
You are the One who helps those in trouble.

The one who is under Your protection
Stays away from calamity.
The one who is helped by You
Doesn't care for anything in this world.

People on the earth are amazed
To watch Your works, Your miracles
That happen all by themselves.
Who drives this flock
Since nobody appears to be around?

Our hearts cannot find the right direction
If the wind doesn't come from You.
Our eyes won't be brightened
If we don't get close to Your houses.



109.

Verse 944

I am eager to start dancing.
I cannot wait for the musician
Under the Tuba tree.¹¹¹
I don't have time for that.

I circle around the sunshine like a shadow.
I prostrate to Him sometimes.
At others, I stand, making my head as my feet.

Under the sunlight,
I become tall or small like a shadow.
When I exist, I am covered by Being.
I am Pharoah.
When I am annihilated, I am Moses.

I am in between God's two fingers of control,
Like a pen.
At one time I am a staff,
Then another time a dragon,
Like the staff in the hand of Moses.

The staff is thought.
Love doesn't have thoughts.
The staff belongs to the mind.
It says, "I am blind."

Soul is kept crying, waiting for a sign.
I stand at the corner,
Expecting to hear the word "Yes."

I am not from this town,
I am a stranger, a stranger.
Since I have no peace and comfort here,
I must belong somewhere else.



110.

Verse 951

🕒 Lovers, we turned into fire
Like a star turning around that piece of moon
All night long.

When the sun rises, the star disappears.
If we don't see the face of our sun,
We are vagabonds, good for nothing.

Come, O lovers, come. We have a good wine that
Will do the job. We know this business.

Every morning a call
Comes from the Prophet of Beauties:
"Come O helpless ones,
We are the answer to your troubles."

They all wholeheartedly agree by yelling,
"You are the Koran of Meaning,
Every one of us has been divided into thirty parts."

The cost of life for the dead is his bloody looks.
We are also submerged into our blood like embryos.

Even Mount Sinai went into ecstasy
And became very drunk after drinking His wine.
What an iron mountain we are,
What a marble rock.

We have been ground at the mill of fate.
But even if they cut us, crush us,
We won't tell the smallest bit of your secret.

We are also tied to this cradle,
Named for a body like Jesus,¹¹²
But become pregnant to God's Glory, like Mary.

Don't look for us
Under the laws and rules of mind,
Because we are at the valley of His love,
Beyond rules and regulations.

Love is insane,
But we are the insane of the insane.
Self commands evil,¹¹³
But our rule controls him.

Please turn back from this journey,
O Shems of Tebriz, whom religion praises.
For God's sake, come back.
The only love we are in is your love.



111.

Verse 963

Whoever claims to see my beloved,
Bring him to me, let me look at his eyes.
I know how to test eyes.

May God save even his image from evil eyes.
He was so kind to us last night that
I scratched behind my ears until morning.

Although he himself is a deceitful pickpocket,
I have stolen valuables from his belongings.

But things are already gone.
I heard there is someone
Who is a better thief than I am.
Because of him, I gave up robbery.

All the birds fly with their wings.
I gave up my arms and wings,
I fly without them.

I always break my glass with my stone.
I tear my curtain with my own nails.

I dig out my own root with my own hands.
I rain from the cloud of my eye to soul's garden.

O black-hearted tulip,
My situation is upside down.
Why are you laughing?
Spring will show you what I have planted.

My spring is from the Spring of the Master of Masters,
Shems of Tebriz.
I cry on the surface,
But my insides are totally laughter.



112.

Verse 972

Didn't you say you wouldn't mind
The torment of that cruel charmer?
Didn't you say you would turn
The world upside down with his love?

Didn't you make an oath
By holding his hands tightly,
Saying, "I will sacrifice my heart, my soul,
For that heart?"

O shining glory of my eyes,
Since I am the light of your eye,
Don't put me away so far.
Lift your head, look up, I am at the window.

O clue, be cheerful.
You are the Jesus of the time.
Although I resemble a sewing needle,
I enter everywhere, but you stick
Your head out of the window and look down.

There will be fire and smoke of love
On the last day of judgment.
You are the flame, the light of this fire.
I am the smoke.

If I don't see the Beloved's face
Which resembles the rose gardens
Of a hundred springs,
My heart burns, becomes dark like a tulip.
I'll have hundreds of tongues like an iris.

O Sultan Shems of Tebriz,
I am enough for you as a lover.
At the day of council, I burn a candle
To enlighten the assembly.
At the day of war, I become iron and keep resisting.



113.

Verse 979

Open your eyes, look at the soul.
I hold the soul, pulling toward the Beloved.
I will sacrifice him to the eternal bairam.¹¹⁴

Who am I kidding?
Since the dovecote of soul is separated from Him,
I am selling cress to the cress salesman.

Everything returns to its origin with pleasure.
That's why I am taking the soul to its source.

Sugarcane won't be appreciated
If it doesn't go under the teeth.
I am taking the Soul which resembles sugarcane
Under the teeth.

Gold won't shine in the mine.
I take it, little by little, to the goldsmith.

Smoke of the fire is the curse.
Fire is faith.
I am taking the candle of soul
Beyond blasphemy, beyond faith.

I took a Sun under my arm.
I am going to show it as proof
To every cloud that denies the Sun.

O Shems of Tebriz,
My gift to you is the pearl of heart.
But I am ashamed by such a clean soul.
That's why I am taking it secretly, like the sea.



114.

Verse 987

My beautiful, even your face harms me,
But I am still good about it.
I am a thick-skinned lover. I blame myself.

The shame of the lover is such a shame
That he would shy from all virtues,
Wouldn't take them seriously.
For this reason, I blame that endless carousing.

If knowledge opens its tent, covers me,
I will put all the alphabet of knowledge
On the neck of ebced.¹¹⁵

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If a golden crown were put on my head by love,
I would set my throne above the stars of Ursa Minor.

When my shape and form are hidden
In the water of enlivenment,
I will take my shape and form and put it
In front of Ahmed's shape and form.

When I write the name of Shems of Tebriz,
I will put all the desires of the heart
In the belly of the paper.



115.

Verse 993

Since my sun and moon are better than form,
I pass through worlds of meaning.
I am so pleased, so pleased.

What a joy to be lost in the world of essence.
I will never come back to these worlds of existence,
Never look at these two worlds.

I have been dissolving in the world of meaning.
Because meaning is like water,
I am like sugar dissolving into water.

Nobody is tired, gives up his life.
Yet, because of the world of meaning,
Forms and shapes don't even come to my mind.

I have been walking around
From one garden to another
With the others in the world of meaning.
I am elegant like a red rose, fresh like a water lily.

When my waves wreck the boat of body,
Piece by piece,
I will pull out of my being.
I was the one who anchored myself, anyway.

If I slacken down on my work
Because of my obstinacy,
My fire blazes right away.
The sea burns with flames.

I am smiling like gold in his fire,
Because if I get out of the fire,
I will become yellow and pale like gold.

If he casts one spell where I put my head
And his writing is like a fish,
Let's see what will happen to me, brother.

I am tired of corporeal "presence,"¹¹⁶
So I've come to the presence of Potentiality.¹¹⁷
Every attribute tells me,
"Come here, plunge into me, I am a green sea."

Shems of Tebriz gave me a throne,
Crown and dominion like Alexander.
I became a commander of the army of meaning.



116.

Verse 1004

You became spoiled
Because I kept being loyal to you.
It is enough, it is enough, I am not naive.

You separated the lovers one by one with a knife.
So why don't you tell me that
You have no intention of separation?

I am an iron mountain among the lovers.
I am not fanciful and flighty.
I won't move with every wind.

I am like water with oil,
I cannot mix with everyone.
My Soul is in exile, I don't belong to this town.

O one who worries, saying "Alas.
What should I do, what can I do?"
Why don't you say, "I am the host, this is my home.
I have control, I am not a vagabond."

I don't say, "What should I do, what can I do?"
I am submerged in the sea,
I go where the sea carries me.
I don't want to be a water carrier
Who carries the water.

The only thing I beg is that
“He shows Himself without a veil to me.”
I neither care for my being,
Nor do I have intention of being seen.



117.

Verse 1011

I saw myself as a thorn, so I ran toward the rose.
I saw myself as a vineyard; I mixed with sugar

I was a cup of poison; I came close to the antidote.
I was a glass of wine with sediment;
I poured that wine into the water of life.

I was a sick person; I reached Jesus.
I saw myself raw and immature;
I grabbed the mature one.

I made the salve of Soul
Out of the earth of love's quarter.
I became a poem with charm
After I put this salve on my eyes.

Love is telling me, "You are right."
You are a charmer,
But you don't see that beauty on you.
I am like the wind, you are fire.
I am the one who makes you glitter.



118.

Verse 1016

All of our friends are gone. We stayed alone.
We kept calling the loneliest of the lonely,
The friends of solitude.

All the friends have been gone, like images.
We put the Beloved's image in front of us.

There was a time we were carrying water
To our heart from the river of His love.
There was a time we were picking fruits
Under His tree.

There was a time
He was scattering pearls and sugar to us.
There was a time
We were repelling flies from His sugar.

When His image enters from the door,
We become doorkeepers.
When His image is gone, we stay alone at that door.



119.

Verse 1021

Once more, we gave up the heart,
Soul, and mind.
The beloved has come, we'll get out of the way.

We turned our back on existence,
We are directed to Absence.
We have found the One whose trace is unseen,
We gave up the trace.

We raised dust from the sea,
Passed through nine skies.
We gave up time, the earth and sky.

Right now, drunks have just arrived,
Get out of the way.
No, no, I said it wrong,
We gave up the road and passengers.

The fire of Soul has left the body of earth.
It went up to the heights.
A cry came out of the heart, we have ascended.

We should talk very little,
Even though very few people would understand.
You keep offering the wine,
We have long gone with our friends.

**Existence is for women. Absence is for heroes.
Thank God we are submerged into Nothingness
Like brave ones and heroes.**



120.

Verse 1028

What a lucky day is that day
We become a host to the Beloved.
Our eyes become the land of beauties
Because of his beautiful face.

If we have trouble in our heart
From the brand of separation,
We find the remedy for that trouble
With his face which resembles the Sun.

If he gives his musk-smelling hair to us,
We sacrifice our soul to it.

Show us if there is anything better than
Playing with that hair that is scattered
With the wind of love?
If there is one, we play that game.

He hurts our heart the best way he wants to.
We do whatever he wants us to do.

That's what we'll do,
There are hundreds of times
Of gratitude from our souls.
We serve our Sultan wholeheartedly.

When the Sun of His mercy reflects on our earth,
Every particle of earth starts moving toward Him.

We enlightened our black particles with His light,
Brightened our wondering eyes with His face.

We give our body,
Which resembles a staff, a dry branch, to His hand.
We make miracles, change him into a dragon.

Wouldn't it be surprising if all the amazing
Things in the world amaze us
Because we turn such a Pharaoh
Into Moses, son of Imran?

I said only half of it.
The rest will be understood from this half,
Or I'll save the other half for the days of secret.



121.

Verse 1039

If that Beauty who is more beautiful
Than the moon
Says nicely, "I won't accept," we won't listen,
Because not every teacher
Has name and fame in this school.

You also tried to be accused, like Joseph,
To be thrown in jail,
Because the only one who would be imprisoned
Is the one who has a bad name.

The head of the table is the place for the wise one.
The bottom of the dungeon is for the insane.
The lover's position is to be blamed, accused.
The throne and pulpit
Are the place for the learned man.

The one who anticipates your love,
The one who puts all his hopes in your love
Doesn't have any other hopes or expectations.
The one who talks with Your love,
Doesn't say much with words.

That Lion of the sky dips his hand
In the lion's blood.
He doesn't mind oppression or cruelty.
There is blood in his eyes.

I am happy with that trouble,
Regardless of whether I talk or keep quiet.
You go ahead and live with peace and happiness.

These signs, these meanings will make people
Confused and drunk at the time of the meal.
But you water carrier,
Even then you tighten the top of the bag.



122.

Verse 1046

If you find excuses, start talking,
Whatever you say,
We don't listen, we don't listen.
You keep saying, "I have lots to do at home."
We don't listen, we don't listen.

For instance, "I'll come tomorrow,
Do lots of favors," you say.
Those are all empty promises.
We don't hear, we don't hear.

You said, "I have sick people, I have sorrows
In my heart, my mind is confused."
Assuming all these are stories and deceits,
We don't accept, we don't listen.

You say, "My mother told me in a motherly way,
If you see the trap, the bait, go ahead
And say these kinds of words."
But we don't hear these words,
We just don't hear them.

You are telling me, "I have problems today,
Have many things to do,
I'll go to Hamam."¹¹⁸ Show your bowl and comb,
But we don't accept, we don't accept.



From wherever they call us,
Besides this great door,
At the end they will cheat us.
We don't listen to your words,
We don't hear them.

You came near the drunks
And showed them, one by one,
"This is such and such a man,
That is such and such a woman."
But we don't hear, we don't hear.

You are telling me, "We have the same owner,
I think of the end of this,
I am afraid you'll be left in the middle."
We don't listen, we don't hear these words.

He frowns makes a bitter face,
So I won't ask anything.
But, O imaginary old woman,
We don't buy that trick, we don't.

You bit my hand with anger,
Said I gave up your love,
But this is not true O charmer,
We don't accept, we don't hear.

It is impossible to tell all your games, one by one.
There is no limit to your deceit.
We don't listen, we don't listen.



NOTES

- 1 Lule: A unit of measure for determining the volume of water flowing through a pipe.
- 2 Ab-i Hayat: The water of life.
- 3 A kind of jelly.
- 4 This and the previous verse were probably the same but recorded differently by two different persons.
- 5 Religious holiday.
- 6 The beloved slave of Mahmud.
- 7 King of Gaznevi (died 1030).
- 8 Leader who was sent by the Sultan on pilgrimage to lead his countrymen.
- 9 Mirac: The Prophet Mohammed's ascension to heaven.
- 10 Ecstasy.
- 11 Talk.
- 12 Sufi master of XI century, Abu-Bekri Nassac, born in Tuss.
- 13 Random Turkish name.
- 14 Could be a mongol name.
- 15 Abu Ali: Ibn Sina (d.1037). A famous philosopher.
- 16 Abu Ala Maarri (d.1057). A famous poet.
- 17 Legendary animal which lives in fire.
- 18 This gazel was written as a letter to Selahaddin when he was sick.
- 19 Name of a river in Paradise. A paradisaical beverage.
- 20 "Am I not your God?" God's question to Adam at his creation.
- 21 Random name.
- 22 The hero of a legendary love story (Husrev-Shirin).
- 23 God's tablets of decrees preserved to the end of time.
- 24 Arabic cherry tree.
- 25 Sidretulmuntehor: The last border of the existing world.

- 26 A small star in Ursa Major.
- 27 Rope girdle formally worn by Christians in Turkey.
- 28 Kafdagi: Legendary mountain where the Phoenix lives.
- 29 Deccal-Dadjjal: the Anti-Christ.
- 30 Degree of some Dervish order.
- 31 A dress with a veil.
- 32 Koran XIII-29.
- 33 A legendary person who arrives to help in critical moments.
- 34 Beautiful women of heaven.
- 35 City along the Chinese border, famous for beautiful women.
- 36 Kadir: Night of power. The night when the Koran was revealed.
- 37 Berat: Night of berat (Muslim feast) Celebration of the revelation of his mission to Mohammed.
- 38 A mountain in southern Turkey. According to the Koran, Noah's Ark landed there. (XI,44).
- 39 Koran XXXVI-78.
- 40 Koran LXXVI-21.
- 41 Koran II-15, 38.
- 42 Arsh: The throne of God
- 43 Kursi: The upper heaven which supports the throne.
- 44 This gazel is a satire of someone.
- 45 Roast meat.
- 46 Rope girdle formerly worn by Christians in Turkey.
- 47 The first five verses of this gazel are in Arabic.
- 48 Koran XXXVI-78.
- 49 Koran LXXX-16,
- 50 Koran LXXXII-11.
- 51 Koran VII-8.
- 52 Koran: XXXVI-26.
- 53 Name of legendary sage. The father of medicine.

- 54 First cause.
- 55 Koran LV-2.
- 56 Musical instrument similar to a harp.
- 57 Meat stew with onion.
- 58 Roasted meat.
- 59 Leather water bag.
- 60 Great king.
- 61 Very important gazel. According to Golpinarli v.4075 may be a reference to Shems.
- 62 Throne of God.
- 63 Upper level of heaven supporting the throne of God.
- 64 Mecnun and Leyla: a love story, like Romeo and Juliet.
- 65 A sacred night between the 14th and 15th of Shaban.
- 66 Circis: A St. George (in Islamic tradition).
- 67 Wonderful. (Said to ward off the evil eye.)
- 68 Relative of Prophet who lost his arms in battle. The Prophet said he saw him flying to heaven. That is why he is called Cafer-i Tayyar (flying).
- 69 Koran C-1.
- 70 Same as 58.
- 71 Mythical ancestor of an ancient people in Arabia who were exterminated for refusing to accept the message of a prophet.
- 72 Sweetmeat.
- 73 Roastmeat.
- 74 According to an old folk take, when garbage started piling up on the Ark, Noah scratched the back of a pig. The pig sneezed, a rat came out of its nose and ate all the dirt. When they increased in number. Noah scratched the back of a lion. A cat came out from the lion's nose and ate the rats. (Golpinarli).
- 75 This gazel is written in Arabic.
- 76 The name of Prophet Ali's famous sword.

- 77 Yazmaci: The one who paints or prints fine muslin, then hangs it in the sun to dry.
- 78 In this gazel, Mevlana must have felt that Shems was getting ready to leave.
- 79 Hero in old Persian love story.
- 80 Husrev-Shrin: Persian love story.
- 81 Rebab: Stringed instrument resembling a violin.
- 82 According to Sufis, this statement was Khadis.
- 83 City in Turkestan which is famous for its beautiful women.
- 84 City in western Turkestan.
- 85 Istanbul, Turkey.
- 86 Koran VII, 26.
- 87 Legendary King of ancient Persia.
- 88 Famous sword of Prophet Ali.
- 89 A jolly, unconventional man.
- 90 Legendary strong man.
- 91 Koran XVIII 9, 26: The story of seven friends and a dog who stayed asleep for 309 days. The wind turned them from side to side.
- 92 Two man-sized candles covered with garments and carried in front of a wedding procession.
- 93 Mahmud-Eyaz: A King and his slave.
- 94 Mystic poet greatly admired by Mevlana.. He used this name sometimes as a reference to Shems.
- 95 Harun: A man's name; like Aaron.
- 96 Legendary rich man.
- 97 Nun: Letter in Arabic alphabet.
- 98 The prophet Jonah.
- 99 One of the Prophet's uncles who was an enemy to Islam.
- 100 Prophet's disciple who liked cats, named such for that reason.
- 101 This gazel is written in Arabic.
- 102 Permissible magic.
- 103 This gazel is in Arabic except for the last verse.

- 104 Burak: The white horse the Prophet rode on ascension.
- 105 The legendary rich.
- 106 The town crier.
- 107 A spring in heaven.
- 108 The 3rd, 4th and 7th verses of this gazel are written in Arabic.
- 109 Prescribed religious rite performed during the great pilgrimage to Mecca.
- 110 This gazel is written in Arabic.
- 111 A big tree in Heaven.
- 112 Koran XIX-29, 33. It was stated in the Koran that Jesus talked while he was still in the cradle.
- 113 Koran XII-53: Self commands him to do evil.
- 114 Religious festivity.
- 115 Numeration of Arabic Alphabetical letters.
- 116 Annihilation of Law.
- 117 Annihilation of Attributes.
- 118 A Turkish bath.

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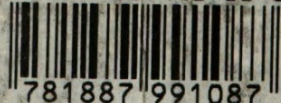
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